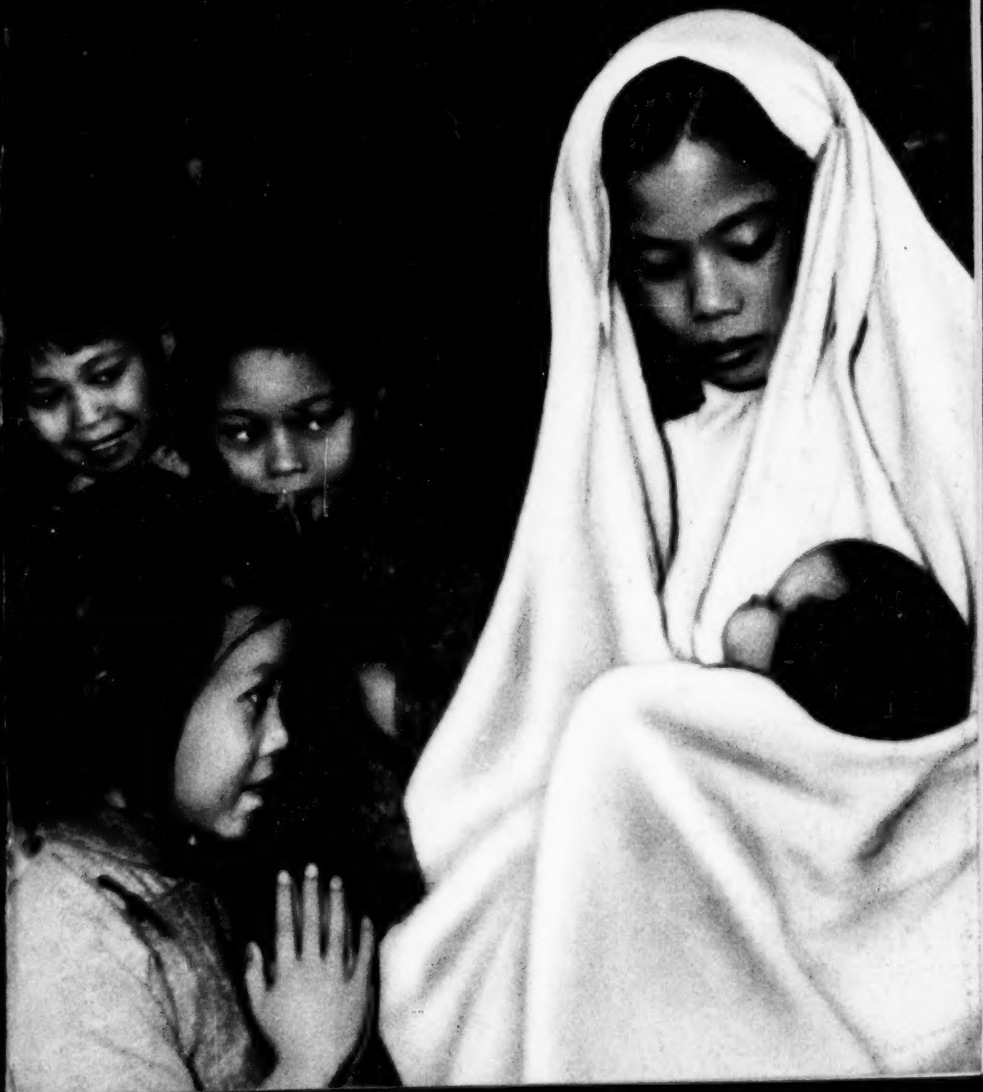


# Catholic Digest

DECEMBER 1952

35¢





COVER: The Hong Kong Poor Children's club, conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, portrays the Nativity in a Christmas pageant. Hong Kong's homeless are pictured on pp. 117-129.

Willie's Studio, Hong Kong

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Familial Digest-Digeste Catholique, 31

rue de Fleurus, Paris VI.

BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest, Ecclesia,

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Jodeligne, Louvain.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizion,

4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via

S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39

Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

JAPAN: Shinjuku, 20 Honshicho,

Shinjuku, Tokyo.

LATIN AMERICA: Lo Mejor del Cath-

olic Digest, 300 Park Avenue, New

York 22, N. Y.

BRaille EDITION: National Braille

Press, 85 St. Stephen Street, Boston 16.

\$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to the addresses given, not to the St. Paul office.

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Our editorial policy follows St. Paul's advice: All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely and gracious in the telling . . . let this be the argument of your thought.

Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3 the year; 2 years for \$5; 3 years for \$7; 5 years for \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1952 by The Catholic Digest, Inc.



# Do Americans Go to Church?

*Second of a series of articles on a CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of religion in the U.S.*

**L**AST MONTH the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey revealed the heart-warming fact that 99% of U.S. people believe in God.

If the 99% who believe in God expressed that belief by going to church, the state of religion would be wonderful indeed.

How many do go?

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey sought an answer. The pertinent question was twofold and covered a three-month spread of time. It asked: *Did you happen to attend any Sunday or Sabbath church services during the last 12 weeks?* And, seeking the frequency of attendance, it further asked: *About how many times would you say you attended Sunday services during the last 12 weeks?*

The score of our answers cuts the American population roughly into thirds. Of the adults, 18 years of age and above, approximately 35 million do not attend church; 38 million attend sometimes; and another 35 million go to church every Sunday.

In general, Americans take a casual, maybe-Yes, maybe-No atti-

tude on going to church. The total national-survey percentage figures show: 32% don't attend church, and, balancing that, 32% attend every Sunday. The range between the extremes holds a shade of in-

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has sponsored this national survey of religious beliefs, attitudes and practices of U.S. adults. The study was made by an independent commercial opinion-research firm. The objective of the survey was to provide, for the first time, national information which would aid Americans to understand each other better, and, respecting each other's religious convictions, to work better together for the common social good. Information on technical research procedures of this survey may be obtained by writing to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, St. Paul office, or to Ben Gaffin and Associates, Board of Trade Bldg., Chicago, Ill. A complete report of the study will be published later in book form.

crease mounting toward more frequent attendance: once a month or less, 11%; about twice a month, 12%; and about three times a month, 13%. Broadly, we can say about six out of ten attend church twice a month or better, with the percentage favoring the better to a marked degree.

As background to these questions we may say that going to church for Americans means taking part actively by their presence in the liturgy or ceremonies by which they offer worship to God. The church building is the place where people gather for this purpose. Attendance at church is an expression of or an acknowledgement of belief. As a willingness to sacrifice for one's country shows loyalty, so going to church reveals belief in God.

The forms of worship have many names, "the holy Sacrifice of the Mass," "Prayer Meeting," "Communion Service," "Prayer Hour," or simply "Services." While the manner of conducting these "services" varies widely, ranging from the handling of poisonous snakes to the historic rituals of centuries, in general the "services" show man recognizing God as his Creator, though many are unworthy of both God and man.

The churches in America are made up of groups of people who, because of a common creed, gather to erect a church building. In the U.S., churches are not directly supported by the government. Only

indirectly is aid given, by the exemption of churches from property taxes. These churches are free, self-supporting institutions. Even though formal membership is expected, the churches are open to everyone on days of worship. In short, "church" is a man-made, brick or stone, wood or even canvas-tent expression of the "freedom of religion" which all Americans hold sacred as a national prerogative.

Churches stand in downtown areas, in neighborhoods, in suburbs, and their spires rise familiarly against country skylines. The 1951 statistics in the *Yearbook of American Churches* show that there are now 284,592 churches, synagogues, and missions in the U.S.

But all the churches are not crowded. Many are open to less than a quarter of their weekly capacity. On the one hand, we have a great number who because of belief should attend church. On the other hand, we have the empty seats and a decided lack of response, despite invitation and the frequently heard urging, "Go to church on Sunday" or "Bring a friend to church with you."

Looking at the three largest religious groups, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, our survey shows a notable degree of difference. In the order of this difference we find that 18% of those who declared themselves Catholic do not attend at all while 62% attend every Sunday. Analysis of this figure, since



Sunday attendance is a question of strict obligation for Catholics, prompts the speculation that the 18% is largely made up of those who at one time were active in following their Catholic faith, but no longer do so, while still declaring themselves to be Catholic. It might be surmised that this is true of all religions. However, it is also to be noted that those who do not attend the church they claimed as theirs do not attend any other church. Among Catholics the numbers of those who attend irregularly are significant: once a month, 6%; twice a month, 6%; and about three times a month, 8%. One might conclude that only 62% of those declaring themselves Catholic fulfill the requirement of Mass attendance.

On the other hand, those who go only once or twice a month are probably excused. In many rural areas, Mass is celebrated only once or twice a month. Sicknes, bad weather, small children, and other similar causes for absence are always present. The more proper conclusion, therefore, is that 82% of Catholics fulfill their obligation!

In the total of all Protestants, that is, all Christian religions other than Catholic, we see a much greater degree of nonregularity. Here the higher figure is found among those who do not attend, a tie with the national figure, at 32%. Regular attendance, or those who go to church every Sunday, is seven

points below the national figure, or 25%, while we find those who attend once a month at 14%; twice a month, 13%; and about three times a month, 16%. This leaves us a large group, 75%, or six out of eight, who do not act on their declared belief.

Only 25% of Protestants go to church every Sunday. But those who go once or twice or three times a month add up to 43%, while only 32% never go at all. The 43% who go irregularly are, of course, prevented by the same causes that prevent Catholics. And they are also deterred by the fact

**B**ECAUSE by inward acts we go straight to God, therefore it is by inward acts properly that we worship God; nevertheless outward acts also belong to the cult, or worship, of God, inasmuch as by such acts our mind is raised to God.

Hence the worship of God is also called religion, because by such acts a man in some sort binds himself, that his thought may not wander astray from God; and also because by a sort of natural instinct he feels himself bound to God, that in such manner as he can he should pay reverence to Him from whom is the origin of his being and of all his good.

St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Contra Gentiles*, Bk. III, Ch. CXIX.

that they feel no strict obligation to go.

Members of the Jewish religion show the greatest extremes. Only 12% attend weekly Sabbath services and 56% do not attend at all. The leaning here, likewise, is toward the lower extreme, with 11% going once a month or less frequently, 17% about twice a month, and 4% about three times a month. With services, among Orthodox, Reformed, and Conservatives, held on Fridays and Saturdays, this shows a marked difference between personal belief and outward evidence of that belief by attendance at public services.

A clear margin of difference exists between the sexes in the frequency of attending church. As is generally known, more women than men attend church. This is seen in the weekly attendance record: 29% of the men and 33% of the women go every Sunday. Approximately five out of ten men go to church twice a month or better and six of every ten women.

In race, the white adult population parallels the national figures exactly while the colored population is slightly lower, with four points less in weekly attendance.

The survey reveals a healthy and encouraging degree of religious practice among young adults. The group of 18 to 24 years of age has the greatest number attending weekly, 34%, two points above the national figure. The older age

groups show only a small variation until the 65 years-and-over group is reached. This has the greatest number of those who do not attend, 42%. The latter figure, of course, might be due to the increasing number who are shut-ins and infirm.

It may be unfair, since education does not in any way alter obligation, to point out attendance on the educational levels. But the facts indicate an interesting development. In spite of popular opinion, the highest degree of education leads to the most frequent weekly attendance, 36% attending weekly as against 25% who do not attend. In the light of these national facts, we might compare the findings of the *Time* magazine survey made of U.S. college graduates.\* It may help to explain the leveling off in the national figures. *Time* found that Catholic graduates were best in frequency of church attendance, a little better than eight out of ten attending every week or nearly every week. Their figures for Protestant graduates give about five out of ten attending regularly. Among the Jewish graduates they found "only about one person of eight attends regularly, and nearly half do not attend at all."

The type of work a person does is not particularly significant when it comes to church attendance. A trend is seen rather than a clear-cut distinction. The professional, mana-

\*Havemann and West, *They Went to College*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City.

*Attendance At Sunday Church*

Question: 9-a. Did you happen to attend any Sunday or Sabbath church services during the last 12 weeks?

Question: 9-b. About how many times would you say you attended Sunday services during the last 12 weeks?

	Don't Attend %	Once a Month or Less %	About Twice a Month %	About 3 Times a Month %	Every Sunday or Sabbath %
TOTAL U.S.	32	11	12	13	32
RELIGION—R. Catholic	18	6	6	8	62
Protestant total	32	14	13	16	25
Baptist	26	13	15	18	28
Methodist	37	13	14	16	20
Lutheran	36	12	17	18	17
Presbyterian	31	14	14	23	18
Episcopal	30	25	12	13	20
Congregational	42	30	7	11	10
Other denominations	34	13	10	12	31
Jewish	56	11	17	4	12
Other and None	81	9	2	3	5
SEX—Men	36	12	11	12	29
Women	29	11	12	15	33
AGE—18-24	30	14	12	10	34
25-34	31	12	11	14	32
35-44	32	14	11	13	30
45-54	32	11	14	11	32
55-64	32	11	11	15	31
65 and over	42	5	8	14	31
RACE—White	32	11	12	13	32
Negro	31	12	12	17	28
EDUCATION—0-8th grade	39	9	11	11	30
1-3 years high school	33	11	11	15	30
High school graduate	29	13	13	14	31
1-3 years college	31	14	12	15	28
College graduate	25	15	9	15	36
OCCUPATION—Professional	23	14	12	13	38
Proprietor or manager	33	12	11	17	27
White-collar worker	29	15	10	14	32
Service worker	34	13	9	16	28
Manual worker	35	10	12	12	31
Farmer	30	11	14	15	30
Other	43	8	7	13	29
INCOME—Upper	25	15	10	17	33
Middle	31	12	12	15	30
Lower	38	9	11	12	30
CITY SIZE—Over Million	35	11	9	9	36
100,000—1 Million	38	15	11	12	24
25,000—100,000	32	11	11	9	37
10,000—25,000	31	14	12	16	27
Under 10,000	30	11	11	15	33
Rural	28	10	14	16	32
REGION—New England	27	8	11	9	45
Middle Atlantic	31	11	10	13	35
So. Atlantic	29	12	13	20	26
East South Central	30	12	13	17	28
West South Central	23	9	16	15	37
East North Central	32	13	12	12	31
West North Central	35	11	12	16	26
Mountain	30	21	7	9	33
Pacific	50	12	7	9	22

THE WORSHIP rendered by the Church to God must be, in its entirety, both interior and exterior. It is exterior because the nature of man as a composite of body and soul requires it to be so; likewise, because divine providence has disposed that "while we recognize God visibly, we may be drawn by Him to love of things unseen." Every impulse of the human heart, besides, expresses itself naturally through the senses; and the worship of God, being the concern not merely of individuals but of the whole community of mankind, must therefore be social as well. Exterior worship, finally, reveals and emphasizes the unity of the mystical Body, feeds new fuel to its holy zeal, fortifies its energy, intensifies its action day by day.

From *Mediator Dei* by Pope Pius XII  
(20 Nov. '47).

gerial, and white-collar workers tend toward more frequent attendance the professionals leading with about four out of ten going to church every Sunday. The trend is more apparent when we see the frequency increase, with about two-thirds attending twice a month or more often. Yet this is only slightly better than other workers. A comparison might be found where income is higher, as would be true with the professional and managerial groups, where we find the

upper-income group three points above the middle and lower-income groups in weekly attendance.

It is undoubtedly true that in some parts of the country churches are not as numerous as in others. This surely does not influence attendance since very little difference is found between cities and rural areas. Ease of transportation undoubtedly makes the church more available than in past times. In the cities of over 1 million population 36% go to church every Sunday or Sabbath while only 4% fewer go in rural areas. The differences seen in cities as shown in the table may be due to the absence of certain church groups or to the reluctance of members of one church to attend another church which differs from that of their own choice. In the large cities there is a sharper break between the two extremes of attendance, 35%, or three points over the national figure, do not attend while attendance every Sunday is 4% higher. Only 29% go to church on an infrequent schedule in our largest cities.

While no clear pattern is set for the cities, there are marked differences between the eastern and western sections of the country. The highest weekly attendance is found in the New England section, 45%, which is 23% above the Pacific-coast region. It is notable also that in the Pacific section 50% of the adult Americans do not attend church. Why should this be?

It surely cannot be argued from history that religion was introduced earlier to the East. The Spanish missions of the Southwest and Pacific coast contradict this. If any reason seems likely it is to be found in the pioneer movements of large numbers of people to the West, breaking the ties of their inherited church membership and not seeking new membership. Since the survey shows that belief in God in this section is as high as in the East we can only conclude that the difference in practice rests in a variety of unknown causes.

This portion of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey reveals the church-going practice of Americans. It gives the measure of total response; it does not attempt to find the "intensity" of that response. We see a less heartening picture than might be assumed from the widespread belief in God. It surely does not

show a "band-wagon" movement toward public worship of God, nor does it show a vigorous expression of belief.

If a pessimist were to draw a general conclusion he would point to these facts: 18% of Catholics never go to church; neither do 32% of Protestants nor 56% of the Jews. Therefore, the future for religion is dark, indeed.

The optimist looks at it this way: 82% of Catholics fulfill their obligation with reasonable exactness; so do 68% of the Protestants and 44% of the Jews. Therefore, religion's future is bright.

The true conclusion is probably a combination of both. Leaders may find satisfaction in the huge numbers who go to church; but they cannot be at all complacent when they look at the enormous number of persons who never go to church.

### *Interfaith Angelus*

**I**N Blackwell, Okla., at 11 o'clock every morning, the fire whistle blows and hundreds of people stop what they're doing to bow their heads in prayer. In many groceries, hardware stores, restaurants, and business houses, people spend an earnest moment asking the Lord to save the world from war.

The idea originated with Ralph Weigle, who mentioned it to a group of friends in the Kiwanis club. These men carried the idea to the local ministerial alliance, which was enthusiastic too. The mayor, the school superintendent, and the ministers set 11 o'clock as the time for prayer.

Some businesses were uncooperative. But a surprising number did support the plan, and have done so for more than a year. Today, the daily habit of public prayer seems firmly established in Blackwell.

Fred Hawes in the *Kiwanis Magazine* (Sept. '52).

# Mona Lisa of the 57th

*There was time out even in the front lines for the frightened little waif with the big eyes*

By TIMOTHY J. MULVEY, O.M.I.

Condensed from "These Are Your Sons"\*

ONE COLD February day, several South Korean soldiers found a little girl crying and wandering along a road. She was a very little girl, just about four. Whimpering, she backed off into a thicket, holding her hands over her ears. These were the large strange men who made noise and fire. Where men like these passed, houses went down with a boom and were scattered everywhere. She stood quivering, hoping the men would go away.

One of the ROK soldiers went into the thicket after her and lifted her in his arms. She shrieked in fright and tried to squirm away.

"What is your name, little one?"

The girl would not answer.

The soldiers walked many miles with this small bundle of misery, with weather sores

on her feet and hands. The soldiers began to sing. They asked her again, "What is your name, little one?"

Slowly fear gave way to speech. She sniffed, "Chun Jea Lee."

They carried Chun Jea Lee in their arms for 15 miles to Maj. Louis N. Schaffer of the 57th field-artillery battalion. They told the major about Chun Jea Lee. They described her fright, and asked that she be sent to some refugee camp farther south. She was, after all, "a many, many little" refugee.

Major Schaffer looked at the tiny girl. Her hair was a dirty tangle. Yet beneath the crust that was smudged across her tear-stained face, he saw the features of a child once beautiful. Something warm seemed to well up in the bare cold landscape of Korea.





"Hello, sis," Major Schaffer said.

Chun Jea Lee stared at the major with uncertain eyes. The world was becoming more mysterious, with men who spoke words she did not understand. "We'll take care of her," the major said to the ROK soldiers.

It was a long time since the major had held in his arms anything as small and harmless as Chun Jea Lee. She turned her face away from him with that mixture of fright and mistrust which is called a child's shyness. The face of a foreigner can send four-year-old Orientals into panic. But Chun Jea Lee was too beaten to cry.

"Sis, we're going to take care of you," the major repeated.

The men of headquarters battery poked their heads outside their tents as the major walked by with Chun Jea Lee. Soldiers, sandbagging the area, paused openmouthed. Schaffer reported to his commanding officer, Lt. Col. Hurley W. Chase.

"I'd like to report a refugee, sir."

The officers who were present stared at the ragged bundle the major was holding. Chun Jea Lee's dark eyes flashed around the tent. She was still the kitten at bay.

"Yes, major, what is it you wish?" Chase asked.

"Sir, I know it's against regulations to keep civilians here, but this girl is in tough shape."

"Yes, I see."

By this time the brass at head-

Father Mulvey, because of his unusual gifts as a writer, was for several years assigned to writing for radio and the movies. Suddenly deciding that he could no longer stand being so far from the missionary work he had always wanted to do, he asked to be sent to Japan. After the Korean war started, he received permission to go to the front for the express purpose of writing *These Are Your Sons*, a book about men at war.

quarters had closed in on Chun Jea Lee. They stood in a circle surveying her. Chun Jea Lee stared back. In this first meeting between men of war and a child, the problems of battle melted and quickly dissolved.

"It's a little girl!" one captain shouted.

"Well, what do you know!"

"Hi, honey."

Chun Jea Lee cringed under this talk and attention. She shrank under the touch of their reaching fingers. The little Korean was a captured thing.

"She'll need medical attention, major."

"Yes, sir."

That was all Major Schaffer needed. Clearances! He hurried down to the battalion medical officer, Capt. Gus J. Furla.

"What've you got there, major?" Gus asked.



"The sweetheart of the 57th, Gus. What can you do for her?"

They sat Chun Jea Lee on a table. The medical officer began to laugh. "She sure is a little peach. Don't worry, we'll take care of her."

The 57th rubbed its eyes and woke up to find it had a baby. Grease-stained mechanics found excuses to visit Chun Jea Lee. Cannoneers and ammunition men sat around tent stoves talking about her. By unanimous consent, she was instantly named Mona Lisa. It was a song the soldiers sang. It was the appropriate name for this tiny replica of womanhood.

Capt. Gus Furla, in the medical detachment tent, unlaced his boots. He was properly bogged down with the grind of work. The routine of medical charts and reports wears into a man's patience. But tonight, as he yawned, Gus was thinking about another routine: 1. Check special diet for Mona Lisa at headquarters mess; 2. Consult regarding Mona Lisa's laundry; 3. Confirm daily warm-water bath.

Furla smiled. The wasted face of a little girl was getting chubby again. She made a small bundle under the blankets down here in the battalion aid-station tent.

There is a kind of peace that settles over a place where a child sleeps. Men tiptoed over the ground. "Shut up, you lug, Mona Lisa is sleeping," was the frequent warning. The 57th was up at the front,

but with Mona Lisa's small head on a pillow, a breath of home was breathing within the cold perimeter of war.

Very militarily precise it was, too, this care of Mona Lisa. It was scheduled on official memoranda: 0700: Mona Lisa awakened, face and hands washed, dressed (Pvt. Horton, Pvt. Walkup); 0745: Breakfast (Sgt. Martin D. Eishen, consult diet); 1200: Lunch (diet chart); 1300: Nap; 1500: (Cpl. John D. Petrea take over); 1800: Supper (diet chart); 2000: Warm bath and bed.

Cpl. John (Uncle) Roach was the lucky gent. After breakfast he had the privilege of sitting around the stove with Mona Lisa until it was warm enough to take her walking about the battalion area. Everybody envied Uncle Roach.

And so it happened that a rare sparkle of content settled for a time on a fighting battalion in Korea. Miss Pin-up of the 57th was no higher than a tall sergeant's knee, but one smile from Mona Lisa could capture a platoon. The small lassie was now at home with anything that walked in fatigues.

"Let's do something real special for Mona Lisa," Sgt. Paul Bledsoe said.

"She's got to have an outfit," Sgt. Norman Perry suggested.

Said Lt. Homer Brown, "An outfit is not the right word. We have a lady here. What a lady needs is a wardrobe."

"Right. Let's chip in for a wardrobe," Sergeants Hays and Rector agreed. Someone looked at Mona Lisa's feet. "What size shoes does a four-year-old kid take?"

From the back of the tent a voice coughed. "She takes a 7."

"Seven! My own shoes are 8½."

"A woman's shoe is different," the voice insisted. "She takes a 7. I know women's shoes."

"But this isn't a woman's shoe. It's a kid's shoe."

"She takes a 3½. I lay you ten to one she takes no more than 3½."

"Right, absolutely right. I got a niece just the same age as Mona Lisa. She takes a 3½."

"Okay, you got a niece four years old. But you're talking about American feet. This is a Korean kid and these Koreans are smaller."

"So, what's the difference? It's better to get a bigger shoe than a smaller one."

"Wait a minute," said Lieutenant Brown. "Let's plan on the wardrobe first." So, wardrobe it was!

Sales Manager, Sears, Roebuck & Co.,

Los Angeles 54, California

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed an order for a wardrobe for a child 4 years old which totals \$64.18. This order is for a Korean refugee. We found this child along the road here in Korea.

The condition of the clothing of this child was deplorable. It was

therefore decided that a small voluntary fund be taken up among those who were interested in order to buy clothes which the child so badly needs. This is the reason why we are asking that this order be sent air mail. Would you please pack the clothes in a suitcase which we have ordered. Part of the order is not complete as we do not know the exact size for a four-year-old child. Inclosed you will find a diagram of the child's feet. Please send us this order as soon as possible.

Very truly yours,  
Homer A. Brown  
1st Lt. MSC  
Med. Asst.

3 Incls. 1. Money Order; 2. Order Blank; 3. Diagram of feet

Mona Lisa was chic! In a plaid wool skirt sent from across the sea, she was as fashion-smart as anything that ever stepped into a Jacques Fath creation. Mona Lisa, dimpling into smiles with the self-conscious *savoir faire* of a four-year-old woman, had toppled the 57th head over heels in love.

Naturally, they could not keep her forever. Official correspondence continued. The following memorandum was sent to Chaplains Carl S. Hudson, Robert Herndon, and Attilio Ponsiglione.

"1. Korean Refugee: Approximate age—4 years old. Name: Chun Jea Lee (Mona Lisa).

"2. It seems that all the members

of the battalion have fallen in love with Chun Jea Lee and have accepted her as their pin-up girl of 1951. She is Miss 57th Field Artillery Battalion.

"3. She lives in our battalion aid-station tent. Her daily activities have been closely checked and looked after by assigned personnel.

"4. The enlisted men and officers of the battalion are proud of Mona Lisa, and a voluntary fund started by Sgt. Paul Bledsoe has been collected throughout the battalion. Service battery, \$255.55; Baker battery, \$93.60; Able battery, \$71; Headquarters battery, \$67.80; Charley battery, \$16; three enlisted men, \$113.

"There was no time to contact all the men but the enclosed is what they have offered. It was the wish of the enlisted men and the officers of the battalion that we should keep Mona Lisa with us as long as we remained in Korea. This would be impossible. We have a far greater wish now. We wish that we may be able to locate Chun Jea Lee's father and mother and that they may soon be together again. We wish that they will forget the horrors of war."

Mona Lisa was going away. They lifted her into a jeep. The contributions of the whole battalion were riding with her. Chaplain A. Ponsiglione, the little padre from New Jersey, lifted Mona Lisa in his arms. There was a roaring send-off as the men of the battalion

waved the jeep out of the area. Out of the life of the 57th went a small and wonderful lady.

Searching for stories in this hacked and desolate land, I became interested in Mona Lisa. I traced her down to Bo Yook Won orphanage. The address is 930 Nam Song Dong St., Taegu, Korea. Revd. Dun Bong Kim, a thin, gracious Protestant director, is in charge of the orphanage. Chickens were walking in the yard. Children shouted and played with toys that had seen better days.

I found her in the yard. She is a beautiful child. You would like to put her into a duffel bag and smuggle her back to Japan. When she saw me, she came up and tugged at my GI coat. She didn't know me, but in the mind of this small girl there has been stamped a lesson of kindness that will always be synonymous with the drab khaki of army fatigues. It was not myself she was tugging at. It was fellows like Bob Bollin, Billy Horton, Floyd Miller, Tony Cellimino, Frankie Shroyer, Bob Le Croix, Travis, Johnson, Baxter. It was all the men of the 57th she was reaching out for.

Mona Lisa is happy with her playmates. But when you wave good-by to her, she looks just a bit wistful. Her eyes are on the jeep. Her memory, you are sure, goes skipping back to where she left a battalion of big men somewhere over the hill.

# The White Horse of Uffington

*The farmers blame wars, bombings, blizzards, and the Labor government  
on the people who didn't keep the chalky steed as white as snow*

By MATHIEU SMEDTS

Condensed from *De Volkskrant*\*

**F**OR UNKNOWN centuries the White Horse of Uffington has been landscaped into the white chalk rock of an English hill near Oxford. From a distance he looks something like a trotting horse, dug into the rock. He can be seen for 15 miles, and, in fact, he should be. From near by, he looks like a series of trenches.

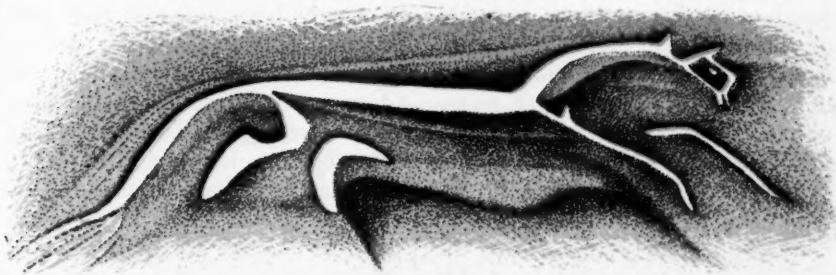
Some unknown artist, 1,000 or perhaps 2,000 years ago, designed him. He is dug in a full two feet, and is more than 100 yards long. His neck, tail, and legs are long, thin trenches of whiteness. His body is a longer but wider trench, about three yards in the widest place. His eye is an island of grass.

He is an impressionistic animal,

made long before impressionism existed. Although he looks mostly like a trotting horse, his mouth is like a bird's beak. His neck and body are too long for a horse, and his tail drags on the ground.

There have been many controversies about what he is. The monk Godrich, 900 years ago, named him the White Horse, and the figure gives White Horse valley its name. But later, people wrote letters to the *Times* to claim that he was really a dachshund or even an ichthyosaurus. The local farmers say that he is the dragon that the patron saint of England, St. George, slew and buried on that hill.

In 1738, a minister wrote to de-



\*N. Z. Voorburgwal 345, Amsterdam, The Netherlands. June 3, 1950. Copyright, 1952.  
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fend him against the generations of doubters. The minister grew so enthusiastic that he swore there never had been a horse that looked so much like a horse as the White Horse of Uffington. This got the minister into trouble. It is said that "his colleagues rapped his knuckles because he had played around with the truth more frivolously than would be expected of a servant of the church."

Today, people agree with the minister. Since impressionism has been accepted, the White Horse is considered a work of art. Also, he has been admired during periods of stylized painting. In the Middle Ages a book listed him as the second wonder of England after Stonehenge.

We do not know how the White Horse of Uffington was made; or how the men digging out the lines of the trenches for the horse could have seen what the effect would be from far off. Today they could follow scaled plans and have walkie-talkie supervision, but centuries ago the artist must have stood at a distance and signaled to the workers. Perhaps he used flags, or maybe he could talk to them through some kind of megaphone.

Why the White Horse was graven on the hill is a mystery. He may have been a monument to the conversion of the Saxons or to the victory of some ancient king. He may have been meant as a beacon

for travelers, like a lighthouse. Nobody knows.

The beacon theory is the most likely, because of the continuous legend that the Horse must be kept white. Grass and small trees keep growing through the chalk, hiding the whiteness. It is said that Alfred, king of the Saxons, ordered his people to clear the grass and bushes off the Horse every seven years.

Through the centuries the legend has persisted that bad luck would come to England if the cleaning were not done. As late as the 18th century, Thomas Chatterton wrote in the *Ballad of the White Horse* that "grass will grow in God's streets," "treachery and scandal will bloom," "terror, robberies and wild heresies" would be the order of the day if the Horse were not kept as white as freshly fallen snow.

The ceremony of cleaning the Horse has always had a great influence on the life of Uffington. A great carnival, paid for by the lord of the castle, was held every seven years on the occasion. There were enormous banquets, and races and fencing contests. The local farmers have heard their grandfathers tell of winning hams in the donkey race. Their grandmothers told of winning hats in the ladies' race.

Today times have changed. Taxes have driven the lord from his castle. Modern farmers' daughters would rather go up to London to the theater than bother competing

in ladies' races for hats. A committee on historical monuments has taken over the care of the Horse.

For some reason, other gigantic figures on the chalk hills of England have kept their hold on the young people. The Giant of Cerne and the Long Man of Wilmington, both carved into chalk rock in about the same period as the White Horse, still receive their due attention. The villagers dance every year around a maypole at their feet. Young wives who want to have many children spend a night lying in the trenches that form the heads of these giants.

But the idea that the Horse must be kept white lingers on. During the 2nd World War, the Horse did indeed act as a beacon, for the *Luftwaffe*. Churchill ordered it and the other chalk figures camouflaged.

"And then disaster broke loose," the local farmers say. "Bombs rained on London and there was mourning in many families. It was all because we forgot King Alfred's command."

"But the English won the war," they are told.

"Yes, and then no one cleared

off the Horse immediately, and in the winter of 1947 we lost all our sheep in the big snow. And then we still did not obey King Alfred, and there was more trouble."

"What was that?"

The farmers shake their heads sadly. "The Labor government got into power!"

So the legend persists. It has been only during periods of realism that the White Horse was mocked. In the 18th or early 19th centuries realistic horses were carved into the white rock hills of Cherhill and Wiltshire. The paintings that served as models for them still exist. These horses look just like horses. They do not fire the imagination, as the White Horse of Uffington does.

In 1937, an archaeologist who had studied English chalk figures dug a new horse in Wiltshire. It is only a small horse, not more than 20 yards long. The architectural plans for it are said to be more complicated than the plans for a cathedral or stadium. This youngest white horse has no beauty. It seems as if the artist who made the White Horse of Uffington took his secret with him to the grave.

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### *Quill Propulsion*

**M**AN, bow in humility! A pigeon flew from Boston 3,000 miles across the Atlantic to its home in Wales in 12¾ days. It averaged 20 miles an hour, 250 miles a day, and beat all homing records. All this without weather reports, radio beams, radar, or other navigational aids. No one gave the bird even a map to guide it.

Troy, N. Y. *Times Record* (10 July '52).



# Love Can Set You Free

*My friend who came back from the brink of death  
learned a lesson there that I had learned from my mother*

By LORETTA YOUNG  
Condensed from *Guideposts*\*

EVERY once in a while when you greet a friend casually, expecting a conventional reply, you catch the truth instead. It happened to me recently when I recognized on my motion-picture set a man I hadn't seen for a long time.

I said, "We've missed seeing you around. How've you been?"

"Well, I'm fine now," he replied; then after a moment's hesitation he blurted out, "but last year I died."

Dick Williams meant to be believed. "You may think it's a fantastic story," he said, "but I can prove every word of it."

Up to a point it wasn't fantastic at all: if anything, it was too heart-breakingly usual. What had once been simply an enthusiastic taste for strong drink had become an

obsession. Dick also had a malicious contempt for anyone with a dark skin. He had done nothing to curb his intemperance nor his intolerance until, at last, as he put it, "My life deteriorated into common drunkenness. My wife left me. No dough. No job. And I was running out of friends."

One couple who stuck by him, who realized how grim things had become, offered him the use of their house while they were on vacation. It was in that

house that Dick "died."

When his friends returned, they found him cold on the floor, and a physician made the official pronouncement. Dick had caught pneumonia there alone, his head too fuzzy, his body too weak, even to know it.

But at the mortuary a new un-



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dertaker was entrusted with the job of preparing him for a pauper's funeral. Dick laughed, "Lucky for me he was a beginner. When it came to the embalming fluid, he got scared and went to get a more experienced man to watch him. When they came back, my eyes were moving."

His next stop was the "dead room" of a large hospital, where hopeless cases await the end. The doctors, seeing that something might yet be done, decided on a complicated method of administering oxygen. They made a frantic search for three nurses. Among the already overburdened staff there simply were not three available for that steady vigil.

It was the Motion Picture Relief association that finally located the nurses and, said Dick, "It was those three women who not only saved, but renewed, my life."

His first conscious impression was of an ebony face close to his own. For 50 hours those Negro nurses worked tirelessly, patiently, lovingly. And, in the end, Dick said, "If they were out of my sight, I felt lost, insecure, I cried for them. In my rebirth I didn't learn just tolerance. I learned real honest, brotherly love."

Dick found a job, a very humble job, when he was well enough. He had an objective. He wanted to buy each of those women a watch, the fancy kind with second hands, the kind that nurses dote on. To-

day they have their watches but, said Dick, "I doubt if they'll ever know what they really did for me."

Dick truly began to be "born again." "I don't drink any more. I'm working. When I make a friend, any friend, I'm grateful. I think I'm the luckiest guy alive," he said. "I find myself doing what, for the old me, would have been the oddest things, wandering into churches at odd hours, for example. Sometimes I pray. Sometimes I just sit and feel the peace of it."

The glow of light that lingered with me was not beamed from the story of his remarkable physical recovery. It was, instead, the idea that love had set him free.

Suppose those nurses had done their work grudgingly? Or simply dutifully? Would that have wrought the wonder? Somehow, Dick Williams didn't think so, and neither do I.

Probably they felt they had done a small thing, something in the line of duty. Yet here their goodness was, like a shining pebble dropped into a big pond, sending forth ever-widening ripples.

It made me realize that our acts must be measured by how lovingly we do them.

I have a friend, a sparkling, talented girl, whom I have known since school days. My family thought of her then as the "one most likely to succeed." Today she is married, has a house full of children, a parrot, a canary, three

dogs, and a very nice husband with a very limited income. Her hands and head seem so full of household cares that sometimes I have been guilty of feeling sorry that all that talent was "wasted."

The other day she came to tea. Together we reminisced over the dreams we had woven as youngsters. "I didn't come even close, did I?" she laughed. "I was going to set the world on fire. And every once in a while, of course, I still dream. Particularly on Sundays."

"Why Sundays?" I asked.

"Do you know what it's like to get a big family ready for Mass on time and all clean at once?" Then she added thoughtfully, "But when resentment tries to creep in, when my patience is thin or my tasks seem pretty meager and monotonous, then I do think of the Holy Family and what they went through and the example they have given us, and I go pretty humbly about my business. I wouldn't change places with anybody."

My friend has achieved success far beyond many of the worldly people I know, for she is humbly living a life of loving helpfulness.

Humility, I find, is the gateway to many hearts; it has succeeded in tearing down walls no amount of reason and logic could budge.

When humility has its perfect way with us, we are willing to put man's desires and will in the background and let God take over our lives.

Recently I realized, much to my surprise, for I have been doing it unconsciously, that every night just before I go to sleep I repeat the same little prayer of my childhood. Me, a grown-up woman, a Hollywood actress, a mother, a wife, saying just before I closed my eyes, "And please, dear God, make me a good girl."

One reads so much of complexes these days that simplicity is regarded as suspect. Could I be trying, subconsciously, to escape the responsibility for carrying an adult burden in an adult world? So I checked with my mother.

"Mother," I asked. "Is there any special prayer that you say every night before you go to sleep?"

My mother, a wise servant of God, serving Him so faithfully and well for so many years, thought a minute and then said, "Yes, there is. I say, 'Give me a happy death, and please, dear God, make me a good girl.'"

In the simplicity of that prayer, in that childlike attitude of the heart, lie, I am convinced, some of our biggest answers.

### *Goodness Isn't All*

ONE little girl I knew had a wonderful bedtime prayer: "Oh, God, please make all bad people good and all good people nice."

George C. Hubbs in *Good Business* (Aug. '52).

# How Much Money Is Enough?

*If chasing the cost-of-living spiral is getting you down, try stopping somewhere*

By MARGARET HALSEY

Condensed from "The Folks at Home"\*



TEN YEARS AGO, I liked to have things nice. In the U.S., having things nice is a national pastime, like baseball, and I was devoted to it heart and soul. I had people in to dinner, and I had a maid. The hostess may not have been a miracle of emotional stability, but the tablecloth blended with the carpet.

My Spartan upbringing has always prevented me from going really hog-wild about clothes; but ten years ago, the ones I had were good, and I took care of them. Nor did it occur to me at that time that I could attend a party without pancake make-up, lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil, eye-shadow, and mascara doing their humble best for my face.

But things have changed. Now, my husband and daughter and I occupy a six-room house. The first floor has curtains and some furniture, but the 2nd floor looks as if we were just getting ready for a barn dance. In the foreseeable fu-

ture, there is no possibility that it will ever look otherwise. As for your correspondent, the gracious mistress of this palace, she wears cotton shirts and blue jeans to everything but weddings, christenings, and funerals.

Of course, the advent of my daughter had a little something to do with my deserting the bright banner of *Vogue* and *House Beautiful*. But the main element of my retreat from having things nice was economic. My husband and I are, like many of our fellow countrymen, not saving any money at all. It takes all we can earn to give our little girl approximately the amount of trees, space, and fresh air we had when we were small, as well as access to school.

But then, how much money is necessary? It is a fact beyond dispute that all humans are made of protoplasm. There is a definite limit to how much food it can take in. It provides only a relatively small area upon which to drape

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even the most expensive clothes. It refuses to be any less sleepless in a 20-room house than it is in a two-room apartment. If the needs of flesh and blood were all that had to be considered, a good many Americans who are now tense and strained about their incomes could afford to stop worrying.

But money means more than that to a great many people. In a business society, money is taking the place of affection. With the family on iron rations, human beings cannot get from parents, children, relatives, neighbors, friends, co-workers or fellow voters the warmth and security which all human beings absolutely must have. Hence the people in a business society, for all the human dignity of their advanced medicine and their labor-saving devices, are under the painful necessity of trying to live in a prevailingly suspicious, cynical, unaffectionate atmosphere. In this withering situation, money, whether real, potential or only impotently dreamed of, is supposed to provide the protection and emotional security which the beleaguered and discredited family cannot supply.

The poor can be just as badly off as the rich; the mere absence of money is not in itself a sign of wholesome living. There is no basic difference between a man who is straining to build a dry-goods empire and a man who is straining to keep up the payments on a tele-

vision set. One man is a so-called producer and the other is a so-called consumer, but they are both helpless and uneasy drifters on the cold and uncongenial tide of American business.

Curiously enough, though Americans have something of a reputation for frankness, one never finds an American who says, "Yes, I have been corrupted by money." The reason Americans do not say they have been corrupted by money, even when the evidence is unmistakable, is that they do not feel corrupted by money. And they are right. Money does not corrupt people.

What corrupts people is being brought up mechanically by parents who are obeying the rule: get ahead. What corrupts people is the unstable family, besieged by a million money-makers to whom the family is a meaningless clump of potential customers. What corrupts people is being pressured into the narrow mold of profit-making behavior when their real desires lie in other directions. People are never corrupted by money, which is why the periodic campaigns to "clean up" corruption never accomplish anything and have to be endlessly repeated. Money is simply the bandage which wounded people put over their wounds.

My little girl brought it home to me that in the comparatively short time between my childhood and

my daughter's, the business society has ceased urging people to produce and is now exerting its very considerable influence to get them to consume. When my daughter grew old enough to walk and talk, she was always asking for toys.

At first I had that dismal thought which visits all conscientious parents, "Perhaps she acts this way because I don't love her enough." However, I soon realized that her chronic plea for toys is by no means peculiar to her. Other children seem to behave the same way. I also realized that when my contemporaries and I were small, it was not possible to make very much money out of children. Now, however, what with Hopalong Cassidy suits, detonating cereals, comic books, and an endless succession of incredibly flimsy toys, children are a gold mine to American business.

When my mother took my sister and me into a grocery store, there was nothing in it but groceries. But when I take my little girl to buy groceries, she gets just inside the door and is confronted by a large rack filled with comic books, storybooks, coloring books, and children's phonograph records.

Like most persons my age and older, I have a vivid memory of the U.S. when it was still a "producing" society. When my sister and I were small, we got presents at Christmas and on our birthdays, and those two occasions

stood out from the rest of the year. When we were small, one doll a year was par for the course. Today, however, it is literally only a matter of months before the wetting doll is succeeded by the doll that says, "Goo-goo"; and this in turn is succeeded by a doll whose hair can be given a permanent wave; and this is again succeeded by a doll whose hair can be dyed.

At the period of American history when I was growing up, thrift was a virtue which was by all means to be instilled into the children. We also had, in our neighborhood, a phrase which has not gone completely out of use. It was a phrase about "teaching children the value of a dollar." The children of my generation were trained, more or less unthinkingly, but nevertheless thoroughly, to be hard-working little producers. Consuming was something which respectable people approached cautiously.

The spender, in earlier days, functioned as an individual. He made a choice of what to buy and what to refrain from buying, and the choice meant something. Currently, however, the spender, even little teeny ones, like my daughter, does not make a choice. He just buys everything. Everything he can pay for, and possibly a few things he cannot. This does not mean that my little girl was born a wastrel. She is responding to pressure that is superlatively well organized and never lets up.

The business half of our society has finished with its producing stage, when people were urged to work hard, spend cautiously and put money in the bank which could be used to conquer the frontier and build up American industry. The frontier is gone, and American industry has been built up to a point which is unparalleled in human history.

The American business society, therefore, now wishes us to be professional consumers. It wishes us to be thoughtlessly but wholeheartedly dedicated to buying things, wearing them out, using them up, or just getting bored with them, and then buying more things to replace them. It gets us to do this by promising us happiness, in addition to the merchandise. So we buy.

But society does not necessarily have to be taken lying down. The answer to a consuming society is to dig one's toes in and resist the pressures, to make one's purchases slowly, reflectively. Protoplasm does not need its hair curled or its fingernails tinted, and it does not need a new dress because everybody has seen the old ones. In a consuming society, all buying is considered good; but the fact of the matter is that there are several different kinds of buying, and not all of them are good.

The curls, the fingernail polish, and the new dress are what might be called defensive buying: design-

ed to avert criticism, to make one pleasantly inconspicuous, and to give one at least a fugitive sense of belonging. Then there is escape buying which gives one a temporary sense of power in a life situation.

Defensive buying and escape buying are spending which is done in the hope, doomed to disappointment, of stabilizing one's relations with other people. Protoplasmic buying is most obviously illustrated by the purchase of food, and here the ability to consume, in comparison to defensive and escape buying, is very sharply limited.

The needs of protoplasm are not, I am sure, going to pass without challenge. The first and most spontaneous objection is likely to be, "But my protoplasm is rather special. It needs more money than other people's." This argument can safely be shelved until such time as it cuts some ice with an undertaker.

Another objection to using the needs of protoplasm as a key to buying is likely to be made on a humbler, but much more important level. Women may argue that curls, fingernail polish, and new dress are really protoplasmic spending; without them, they say, a woman could neither get married nor stay married. This, to be sure, is what it says in the advertisements; but is it really true? Is there any way of wearing either a rhinestone pin from Woolworth's or a square-



cut emerald so as to suggest that the wearer is tenderhearted, sympathetic, sensible, maternal, responsible, and intelligent?

The pressure on American women to spend their way into womanliness is so enormous and unremitting and inescapable that it almost takes a decompression chamber to get away from it. Two thousand times a day, literally, the American woman is assured 1. that any woman who is not young and pretty is not a woman at all, and 2. that any American woman can be young and pretty if she just buys this or that. In view of the pressure involved, it seems a little harsh and demanding to classify curls, fingernail polish, and a new dress as defensive spending. But not to classify them thus is to go along with the advertisers (and the businessmen who hire them) in saying that a woman—just in and of herself, and without a nickel in her pocketbook—is less than the dust beneath the chariot wheels.

But it is well to keep in mind a certain weird but comforting truth. Despite the movies, advertisements, and popular fiction, women are in a position from which they are unlikely to be dislodged, no matter how little they spend on personal adornment. They happen to be the only other opposite sex there is.

Americans are not ideally situated for finding the answer to the question, How much money is

enough? We have to resist, not only the formal and organized pressure of the advertisers, but also the informal pressure of the people we live with. My husband and I are not vastly different from many Americans: we have both acquaintances and kissing kin who feel strongly that we do not earn and spend enough money. (The spending is important. Just earning it would not be sufficient.)

This is not to say that these are not nice people. Some of them are extremely nice, witty, intelligent, and markedly generous. But they agree that all buying is good. They themselves do a great deal of defensive and escape buying; and they cannot completely hide their belief that if we would just shake off our sloth and get to work we could easily acquire enough money to furnish our barren and make-shift 2nd floor. The business society does not have to be taken lying down; but standing up to it requires a conscious effort.

How much money is enough? I have not answered this question specifically, in terms of dollars and cents, nor do I intend to. For any given American, it is a personal matter.

For the unquestioning disciple of the business-money-success society, no conceivable amount of money is enough. Nobody ever gets to the top in the business society, because in the business society, there is no top.



# Mother Is a Model

*Unlike the Old Woman who lived in a shoe, "she had so many children because she wanted to." (FRANK SCULLY).*

By BETTY CALDWELL

Condensed from *Redbook*\*

**T**HE OLD WOMAN who lived in a shoe didn't know what to do with her children, but glamorous fashion model Phyllis Moran does. She has taught them to take care of each other—all eight of them.

Besides bringing up her eight children, Phyllis models, appears on TV shows, and does her stint with the Lakewood Little Theater group in her home town of Cleveland. In her spare time she works on a book, an autobiographical novel that she can't finish "because it has not happened to me yet."

Phyllis is fairly tall, black-haired, and blue-eyed. At a guess, she might be about 23. Actually, she is 30. Her voice is high-pitched and light. Her whole personality radiates a lovable, bubbly childlikeness. If she passed you on the

street, she'd probably smile at you whether she knew you or not, and leave you thinking, "What an attractive, friendly young girl."

Her only daughter, pint-sized, four-year-old glamour girl Mary Selene, is frequently with her, since modeling mother-and-daughter clothes is one of their specialties.

No matter what you like in children, you can find your favorite type at Morans'. The oldest, Tom,

Jr., is 12, dark, wiry, intense. John Michael, 11, commonly known as Jackie, is a straightforward, manly little redhead. Dennis is ten, dark like Tommy, and you will probably have to untangle him from some kind of acrobatic trick to get a good look at him. Patrick Kevin, eight, is another redhead, quick, clever, and the humorist of the group. Terry, full name Terence Colin, a six-year-old



\*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. September, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

blond, delights in lighting the cigarettes of woman visitors. Mary Selene comes next, followed by 18-month-old Brian, another blond, sober-faced and serious. The youngest is Farrell Timothy, born last New Year's day.

Harriet Madigan, pretty god-mother of the youngest Moran, went to school with Phyllis. She has her own theory of the secret of her friend's success as a mother. "It seems as if," she said, "the more there are, the better behaved they are." It isn't quite as simple as that. Part of it is due to the personality of Tommy Moran, Sr. He is tall, thin, and blond; he is quiet and gentle, but definite. If his children say "Please" and "Thank you" even to each other, and "Excuse me" when they're supposed to, it is because they have the example of a courteous father. Tommy, who is 36, and a sign salesman for the Sommers Outdoor Advertising Co., has a lot to do with his wife's career, too. He seems to love all her "extracurricular" activities.

Phyllis was 17 when she married Tommy, a Cleveland boy. She was born Phyllis Yeager, of an Irish mother and a father half Swiss and half Viennese. Maybe the fact that she was an only child had something to do with the size of the family she now has. She recounts, with her usual bubbly laugh, that she was born in a linen closet in St. Anne's hospital in Cleveland because the hospital hap-

pened to be so crowded at the time.

Doubtless she was spoiled, in the tradition of only children. "I used to be awfully selfish," she says now, "but having children just melts you down: you can't afford to be selfish."

It was after the five older boys had made their appearance that Mrs. Moran began her modeling career. Before her marriage she had been interested in ballet dancing. Her mother has always insisted on coming over and staying with the children two days a week, so that Phyllis could have some time to herself. "If mother was giving up her time, it seemed silly for me to waste mine in shops or movie theaters. I might as well do something worth-while, so I went to modeling school. I was getting pretty disgusted with the way I looked, anyhow, and it seemed a good idea."

Before she was graduated from the Billy Tilton model school in Cleveland, she appeared in a millinery show for a new French designer. She came home very unhappy because the women in the audience didn't smile back at her. "If you're being gracious to them, people should at least acknowledge your presence," she says. After five years of modeling and 18 television appearances, she has learned to take such things in her stride, but they still upset her.

It seems unbelievable that three subsequent pregnancies never slowed her up as a model, until you

realize how simple her solution is. She models maternity clothes. Betty Galloway, assistant fashion editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, has used her extensively in this way; Phyllis and Bettye have their own private laugh when people comment on how natural the photographs look.

Between babies, she has managed to do a great many things. She has entered five beauty contests; always made the finals, but never won. In 1950 she made the Mrs. America finals. For three days during the national air races in Cleveland in 1949, she was hostess for Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg. On a flying trip to New York City, she had instructions from Bob Evans, who ran the model agency for which she worked, to say Hello to John Robert Powers for him. She not only said Hello but remained to be measured and catalogued, and if Powers had been able to persuade her to move to New York, she would probably be working for him today. And, of course, there was television and the Little Theater.

At home, everybody has his job. When the children come home to lunch, Tommy, Jr., brushes the breakfast crumbs from the table, while little Patty sweeps the floor. Dennis makes the beds. Terry sets the table. Jackie clears off, and Tommy washes dishes, while Mary Selene, standing on a stool to reach the drainboard, dries. Tommy also

delivers for the neighborhood grocer and Jackie and Dennis both have paper routes, and you can't beat the pride with which they make their contribution.

As might be expected from a healthy and intelligent group of highly individualized personalities, they have their moments of storm and stress. The significant thing is that they solve their own differences.

Food (they use 10 quarts of milk every other day) would seem to be a fabulous item in the Moran family. So would shoes, jeans, movies, and soda pop. Father Tommy does not underestimate the cost, but it's worth it to him. His salary and Phyllis' earnings as a model are occasionally augmented by the children's. Take it all together, especially with eight exemptions on income tax, and the Morans don't worry much about finances.

They don't worry much about anything. That's the secret of their success. No matter what they are engaged in, Phyllis and Tommy Moran approach it with nonchalance.

Not the least remarkable thing about Phyllis is her unruffled calm, her unfailingly sweet disposition. Any number of her children can beset her at once. She patiently and gently listens to everybody at the same time and seems able to disentangle the stories and give each one the desired consolation or advice. Minutes later, she may be up

dancing with one of them, and you would think that being the mother of eight children was the most fun in the world.

Most of the time it is, but the Morans have had their bad moments. A childhood disease can be quite a production in their house. They recall the occasion on which all the children were in the hospital with scarlet fever. They remained there to have whooping cough. "We felt terrible," Mrs. Moran giggles. "Tommy was heartbroken; mother was heartbroken because she had no one to baby-sit for; it was awful."

Then there was the time Mary Selene was not expected to live. She was only three months old, and in a hospital oxygen tent with pneumonia. Phyllis had fallen asleep on a couch beside the telephone, where she was anxiously waiting to hear from the hospital. She was awakened by the nurse's coldly professional voice, "You'd better get the priest and come right over, Mrs. Moran. The child won't live." Phyllis dashed upstairs for her husband, and found the bed untouched. The car was gone.

"I was petrified. It wasn't like Tommy to do a thing like that. I got a priest and a friend to drive me over, and, when I got to the hospital, there was himself. He'd had a feeling something was wrong and just couldn't stay away."

"Mary Selene was gray," Tommy went on, "and all the doctors

and nurses had gone except an intern and a little student nurse. I took the oxygen tent off her face, and the intern said, 'Maybe you shouldn't do that.' 'Look,' I said. 'You say she's dying, so how can I make it worse? She's my baby, our only little girl, and I'm not just going to stand here.' I started tickling her ribs—anything to make her cry, to bring the blood into her. She started to cry, and the little student nurse wet towels in alcohol and kept handing them to me to tuck around her until she began to look alive. Then we got a private room for her, and she had an unbelievable amount of penicillin. And here she is." He smiled over at the blonde, sturdy little girl.

There was another bad time, too. In May of 1951 the house caught fire. It started in a hot-water heater, and the basement was a mass of flames in no time. Tommy, Sr.'s, father and mother escaped easily, but Phyllis and the children were trapped on the upper floor. Tommy, Sr., who had gone to the basement when the children's cries of "Fire!" awoke him, was unable to get back upstairs.

Phyllis stood coolly at the back window, while a concerned neighbor woman kept shouting, "Why doesn't somebody rescue Mrs. Moran!" and dropped Brian, Mary Selene, Terry, and Patty into their father's arms. Then Tommy placed a ladder to the window, and young

Tommy, Jackie, and Dennis climbed to safety. Only when the frightened little ones were being comforted by the older children did Phyllis climb down the ladder.

Social life for Phyllis and Tommy Moran is drastically limited. "By the time we get the kids to bed, it's too late for a show," Tommy says, "so we usually go to some friend's house on a Saturday night. You can't keep people up like that on a weekday."

To this Phyllis adds, "There's a wonderful grill down on 116th St. We've been going there for about ten years. All the kids we went to

school with go there, and this way we meet them often. We sing Irish songs and dance to the juke box. That way we don't have to use each other's homes, and it's become almost a clubhouse."

Inevitably, the children are extremely attractive. If you ask their mother the time-honored question, "Which one may I steal from you?" she bubbles again. "None of them—for keeps," she retorts, "but if you'll take all eight for one day—so Tommy and I can have a whole day of our own like we had before we were married—it's a deal."

» » « «

### *How Your Church*

### *Can Raise Money*



**A**N ANNUAL chrysanthemum show has for the fifth time proved itself a sure and pleasant means of helping our church pay off debts. Our pastor is an ardent chrysanthemum grower. Each spring he gives cuttings to the women of the parish. In the fall, they bring their full-grown plants to the church flower show. Admission is 25¢ for adults; children are free. Corsages, cut flowers, dish gardens, and the

like are sold. The first year, 525 cuttings were raised; 1,200 attended the show; and net was \$645. In 1949, \$300 was set aside to finance the next year's show, after \$800 was turned over to the church fund. Bad weather cut attendance in 1950 and 1951, but more than \$700 was cleared each year. The 1952 show had more than 3,000 plants, and record attendance and profits were expected.

Ruth E. Howland in *Profitable Hobbies* (Oct. '52).

*Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan like this? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST, and we will publish it for others' benefit.*

# Faulhaber of Munich

*At his death the Cardinal's people knew that "it was time to stop and think a little about holiness"*

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

THE BEST TIME to see Cardinal Faulhaber was on Corpus Christi day. A procession marched in Munich, and at the end of it marched the dauntless prince of the Church. The last time he marched, he was well past 80, but still determined to walk every step.

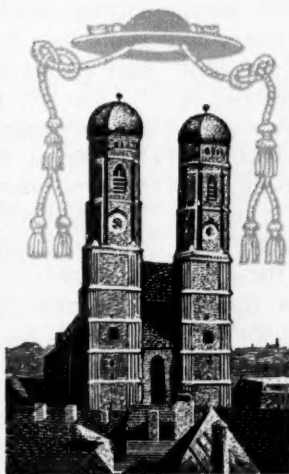
Corpus Christi played a central role in the life of the cardinal. He died just as the procession of 1952 was about to begin. I recall 1933, the year when the nazi tide ran over Germany. The marchers were set upon and beaten by a gang of storm troopers, and there were casualties.

Then there was the sad procession of 1945, which I saw only on film. Perhaps the most moving documentary ever made, it shows the city of Munich in utter ruin, with four Corpus Christi altars mounted precariously

on heaps of rubble. But the marchers had gathered from the cellars in which they then lived for the first procession since the day when Hitler had forbidden such things.

You can see the cardinal raising the monstrance above the heads of the people kneeling in the dust and among the rocks. He was wearing that look of peaceful resignation which was always to characterize him during the years after the war.

The cardinal's own funeral procession was perhaps the very greatest in the history of his country. Throughout the night lines of people many miles long trudged past the bier in the Church of the Theatines. On the next morning there were more miles of them for the obsequies. Someone who had witnessed both wrote me that it was even a more majestic, throng-



\*386 4th Ave., New York City 16. Sept. 26, 1952. Copyright 1952 by Commonweal Publishing Co.



attended funeral than that of George VI.

I sometimes think the cardinal had imagined it would be like that, for he had written a pastoral letter to be read to his people after he was gone. It was not one of his great or learned letters. It was one filled with simple gratitude for having believed as he had believed, and with great hope that the Lord would reveal to him the mystery of the mansions in which the faithful are to abide.

What is the deepest meaning of the cardinal? It is his prophetic anticipation of the future, after the 1st World War. During this he had served as an army chaplain, and his sermons to the troops were published in a thick volume. Only shortly after the signing of the peace treaty he issued a statement which at that time seemed novel and even bizarre. He said that, considering the character of modern military weapons, no such thing as a "just war" in the theological sense could be conceived. He said that whoever was guilty of starting such a conflict was a common criminal.

After 1933, he clung to his conviction. The reason why the nazis hated him so much was not his insistence that anti-Semitism was an assault upon the roots of the Christian faith, nor his defense of Catholic education, but his insight into the fact that nazism meant war.

I recall the interviews I had with him at that time. Many of his fel-

low prelates were either persuaded that Hitler, however evil, was at least the foe of communism, or certain that the antics of the mountebank would soon be drowned in laughter. But the cardinal was one of the few Germans who foresaw the outcome. The nazis hated him. He was their target and they almost struck him down.

War rolled over his stricken country as a hurricane sweeps across a stricken seacoast. The Frauenkirche, age-old Munich cathedral, stood naked before the Lord. And the church of St. Michael, which he dearly loved and in which many of his most courageous sermons were preached, was only four outer walls, from the tips of which some figures of the saints dangled precariously. No one who had known the city previously, looking on the devastation, could help being chilled to the very core of his being.

Later on they put a new roof over the ruins of the cathedral and boarded up the windows. We went to Mass there on Christmas eve. The cold wind seeped in through a thousand cracks, and our teeth chattered as the remnants of a once-great choir sang. But the old cardinal sat resolute in his red robes during the service, and at the close walked as of old through the crowd.

Afterward, at home, I sat for an hour beside a fire. And I thought of how dear it is that there should



be upon the earth, from the rising of the sun to the going down, men who truly believe that those who are meek and humble and suffer persecution will have upon themselves a blessing for eternity.

Many Americans for a long time looked upon the cardinal and those who associated themselves with him as "reactionary and divisive forces." I am afraid he did not

always understand what we meant by democracy, or appreciate the secularistic whoopee of the first period of our occupation. It is even to be feared that upon occasion he smiled a little at us.

But in the end, our people, like his own, knew that when the cardinal had gone it was time to stop and think a little about holiness and the quiet of the Lord.



### *Einstein and the Cardinal's Fight*

"ONLY the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I felt a great affection and admiration because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced thus to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly."

Albert Einstein in *Time* (23 Dec. '40).

### *Einstein and the Cardinal's Mathematics*

ONE of the many stories told about the late Cardinal Von Faulhaber concerns a meeting he had some years ago with Albert Einstein.

"I respect religion," said the professor, "but I believe in mathematics. Probably it is the other way around with Your Eminence, isn't it?"

"You are mistaken," replied the Cardinal, smiling. "To me, both religion and mathematics are merely different expressions of the same divine exactness."

"But, Your Eminence," Einstein went on, "if mathematical science were to prove some day that some of its findings are in direct contrast to religious beliefs, what would you say then?"

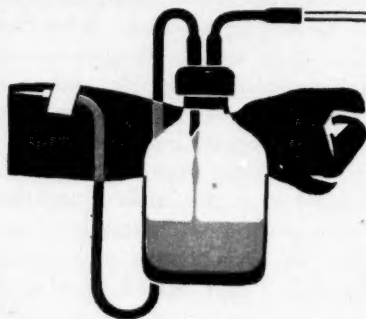
"Oh," answered the Cardinal, "I have the highest regard for mathematics, Herr Professor, and I am certain that in such a case you people should never rest until you had found out where your mistake was!"

*Zealandia* (14 Aug. '52).

*If big cities could organize like this little Minnesota village, New Yorkers could give 2½ million pints of blood to the men in Korea*

## Small-Town Blood Bank

By VIVIAN T. MURPHY  
Condensed from the *Newsletter*\*



**I**N OUR recent local drive for blood to be sent to Korea, my village (population 258) could give only a drop, so to say, to the blood bank. But that drop was given with a right good will.

I couldn't give blood myself, you understand, for I've been spending my days in bed and wheelchair for more than 15 years, paralyzed from my waist down. But the people of my little village of Felton, Minn., seemed content that I gave what I could: labor.

I told some of them that I was like the veteran villain, Peter Lorre. I heard him say in a radio show one day that he gives three or four quarts of blood every day. Someone said, "But isn't that hard?"

"No," he said in his sepulchral tones, "it isn't *mi-ine!*"

What got me so interested in this cause? Radio news about the need, and then a short article on page 96 of the February CATHOLIC DIGEST.

This article said, in part, "To keep a safe supply of blood and plasma flowing to the Korean battlefield, the armed forces need 300,000 pints a month; they are getting only 150,000. The army's reserve supply is running out, and if it vanishes entirely, men will die who might otherwise have lived."

"The average 2nd World War casualty received one pint of whole blood and one pint of plasma," continued the article, "but the typical wounded man in Korea gets four of blood and two of plasma. This lavish use of blood is paying off in lives saved. The death rate for Korean wounded is roughly half that of the 2nd World War."

Both my mother and I belong to the American Legion auxiliary. And this organization, as perhaps you know, does a great deal of good.

"Why," I thought, "shouldn't the auxiliary tackle this?"

One day when the president of

\*Of the Catholic Union of the Sick Associates, 100 E. 50th St., New York City, Aug. 15, 1952. Copyright, 1952.

our local post was visiting mother and me, I mentioned it to her. She heartily approved, and she suggested that I bring it up at the next meeting, which happened to be scheduled for our house.

At the meeting, I read from my bed most of the half-page article from *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. The members readily agreed to do something, and to try to get the men of the Legion Post to join us. The president appointed a committee, with my mother as chairman. The president put me on the committee, too, but last. Probably she thought I wouldn't be able to do much. I would be a sort of aide to my mother. I think the president must have been surprised later to find how much a shut-in can do.

Next, the Legionnaires took up the matter of the suggested drive at one of their meetings; but there was little discussion. "You know how the men are, though," one of the Legionnaires said to his wife. "They'll help. They are just waiting for the women to go ahead."

A special Red Cross blood donors' clinic at our near-by metropolis, the twin cities of Fargo, N. D., and Moorhead, Minn., happened just then to contact most of the organizations in our village, the American Legion and auxiliary among them. And the Red Cross sent us all the information for which we had been about to write.

Next, my mother, armed with *The CATHOLIC DIGEST* piece and

with the Red Cross information as well, presented our cause before a joint meeting of the Legion and auxiliary and at a social gathering of the Felton Community club.

At the joint meeting of the Legion and auxiliary, two Legionnaires and two members of the auxiliary volunteered to canvass—something, I admit, that hadn't occurred to me. Two teams competed. The women went to nearly every house in our little village, and the men did the rest of the village, the farms, and Averill, the next village south of ours. Including Averill was another thing I hadn't thought of, but it was the logical thing to do, for the two communities are one in many things.

I telephoned a few persons who had been missed and got three more donors. And three others who still were missed in the canvass volunteered by telephoning me.

There were still more things a shut-in could do: pray that all would go well, for one thing. I was able to type the list of names and addresses for the Moorhead Red Cross center, and then by long-distance telephone secure a special day for our group. Then I jotted down the time of each donor's appointment, as a Red Cross official read it to me.

Next, because the clinic was 30 miles away and the auxiliary had agreed to arrange group transportation, I was appointed to act as a

sort of expediter of transportation. (By now the auxiliary president could see that a shut-in could work!)

From the hours the Red Cross had given to me by telephone, I typed schedules, and then had them posted in three prominent places downtown. I had a general ring sent out over the telephone lines, announcing whom to call to get or offer a ride. And then I acted as liaison between drivers and passengers.

Our number of blood donors will sound unimpressive, or even trifling, to those used to population figures of large cities. But one must remember Felton's population of only 258, and that many of the people were ineligible because of youth, age or health.

At Felton, at Averill (considerably smaller than Felton), and on the surrounding farms we secured a total of 90 signers. In Felton itself about 40 of the eligible persons signed. Farm percentages were approximately the same.

Felton was thrilled at the praise that came its way. The headline in a front-page story in the newspaper of our county seat, Moorhead, was "Felton Shows Way." And it opened, "Local American Red Cross officials got a lift from the little town of Felton today in their trying drive to find an additional 890 donors for the blood bank clinic March 10-14 in Fargo.

"Mrs. Roy Domek, Moorhead executive secretary of the Clay-county chapter, was proud of Felton today. This small northwest Clay-county community has gone on record with 91% of its eligible citizens signing up to donate blood." They went on to make full use of Felton's example to awaken other towns.

I must add, however, that our list gradually dwindled to 80, when some signers were found to have had illnesses that disqualified them, and that five persons failed to keep their appointments. But the Red Cross made its quota and a little more: 1,006 pints.

### *Baltimore Catechism . . .*

#### *Q. What is Hell?*

A. Hell is a state to which the wicked are condemned, and in which they are deprived of the sight of God for all eternity, and are in dreadful torments.

*Catechism of Christian Doctrine.*

### *. . . Interpreted*

Said the young boy when asked to explain the catechism: "Hell is where God ain't, and that's what burns you up."

*New Zealand Tablet (9 July '52).*

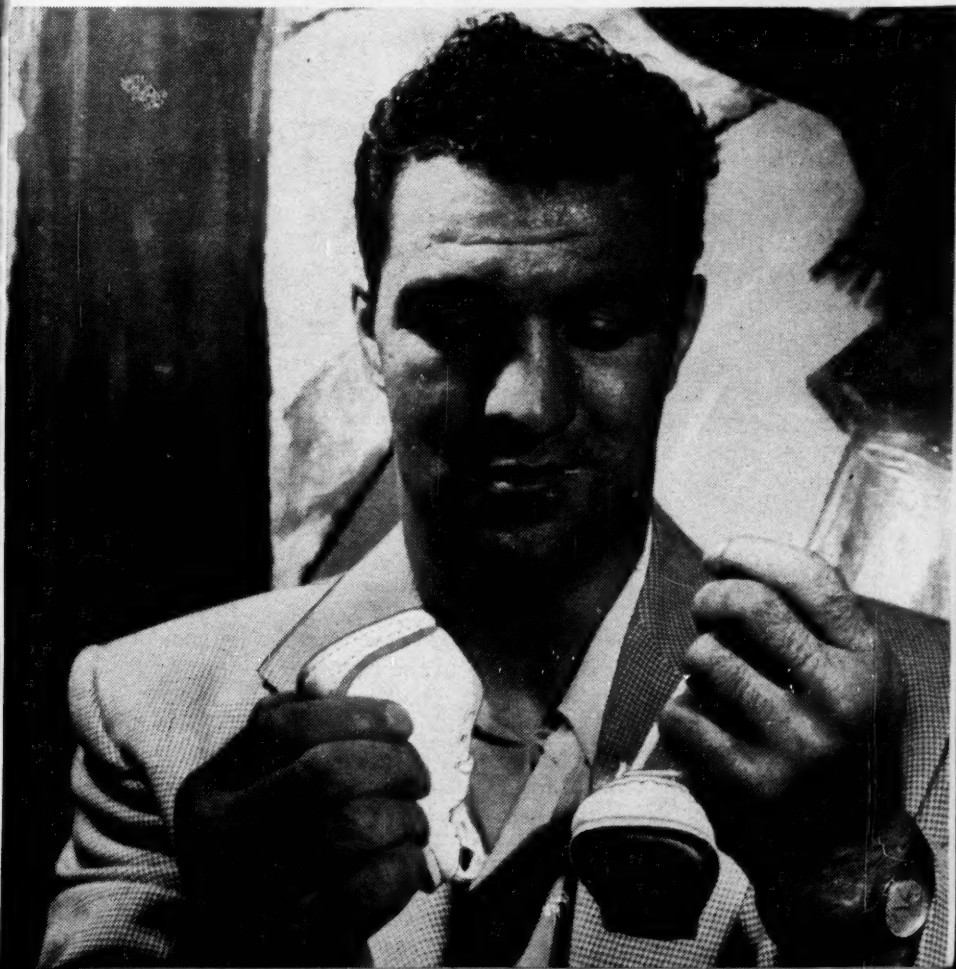
## Rocky Prepares for Fatherhood

*The world's heavyweight boxing champion enjoys his new role*

WHEN Barbara told me that she's going to have a baby," said Rocco Marchegiano, "they could've knocked me out with a feather."

Coming from a young husband who had just learned that he was going to be a father, this was a typical comment. But, coming from Rocco, better known as Rocky

The huge fists that won the heavyweight title hold a pair of shoes for Rocky's first baby.





Rocky examines a bassinet during his shopping tour of infants' wear stores in Brockton, Mass. He discovers that a layette includes shirts and shoes, diapers and a lot of other baby items.

Marciano, world's heavyweight boxing champion, the statement had added significance.

Rocky has never been knocked out. On the other hand, he has knocked out 38 opponents in his 43 professional fights. Before the championship bout with Jersey Joe Walcott Sept. 23 at Philadelphia, Rocky

had never even been knocked down in the ring.

Barbara Cousens, daughter of a retired Brockton, Mass., police sergeant, had been engaged to Rocky about three years when they married on Dec. 30, 1950.

Before he left his home town, Brockton, Mass., to train for the



championship bout, Rocky went on a shopping tour of infants' wear stores. He was expecting his first-born to arrive sometime in November. He also went to Brockton General hospital to receive instruction in baby care, and make arrangements for the baby's arrival.

"I want everything to be just right when the Little Guy arrives," said Rocky.

But he admitted he'd be just as happy if the "Little Guy" turned out to be a "Little Gal."



The neighbors are knitting in anticipation of the arrival of Rocky's first baby. Left to right are Mrs. Peter Marciano, Rocky's mother; Mrs. Rose Scrocca, and Mrs. Shirley Noel.

Her happy husband shows Mrs. Marciano baby clothes he just bought on his shopping trip.





Rocky talks with Father Morissey, the hospital chaplain, in the corridor.

1952

Of course, a baby is going to squirm when you put a diaper on him; but it helps if a nurse shows you how to pin it on.



The family doctor, Michael Rocco Del Colliano, reports on Mrs. Marciano's condition.





Nurse Eleanor Butler of Brockton General hospital chats with Marciano as he waits for a class in baby care to begin.

While Nurse Miriam Simmons shows him someone else's baby, Rocky anticipates the joy of the moment when he'll see his own baby in the nursery.



# A Rosary in the Rubble

*War criminals are punished, but the innocents died long before*

By CURT RIESS

Condensed from "The Berlin Story"\*

**I** HAD just returned to Berlin from Nuremberg, where I had been reporting the 1946 war-criminal trials for my news agency. I was driving down rubble-lined streets in a jeep; beside me, at the wheel, sat an American private. It was around 4 p.m. Suddenly I asked him to stop.

"This was my home when I was a boy," I said. Nothing was left of the house but the façade.

"Any of your people still around?" my driver asked, as he pulled over.

"No." Then I suddenly had an idea. Rosa! Perhaps Rosa still lived somewhere in the neighborhood. "She used to be our cook. She was with us even before I was born. A nice old girl. She used to make a special kind of cookie that I was crazy about. That was a long time ago. When Hitler came to power and I had to leave the country, she was no longer work-

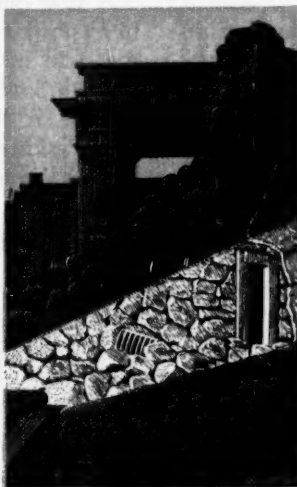
ing for us. But I went to see her and she cried when I told her I was leaving."

I looked around. The adjoining houses were also in ruins. Whom should I ask?

And then I remembered. Rosa was a Catholic, and often used to visit some nuns in the vicinity. I gave the driver directions. He drove around a few corners, and we came to the convent. I was relieved to see that it was still occupied, although it had suffered considerable damage. It was getting dark by now, and a few lights were burning. I got out of the jeep and went in. A group of nuns were standing in the front hall. Silent and motionless, they looked at me.

"Good evening," I said. "I wonder if I might see the mother superior."

They kept looking at me silently, and then one of them



murmured something and beckoned me to follow her. I went through the dark hallway after her. The nun knocked at a door on the ground floor, then opened it for me, and I went in.

The mother superior was short and stout. She wore steel-rimmed glasses. Her face looked out through folds of black cloth and starched white linen. I thought she was very old.

She got up, nervously fingering her glasses. "I hope there is nothing wrong, sir," she stammered.

"There is nothing wrong, Mother," I said. She pointed toward a chair, but I remained standing. "It's—something personal. Many years ago a woman called Rosa Kramer used to visit your chapel. I wonder if you know where I can reach her."

"Rosa Kramer," the mother superior said. "Oh, yes. Rosa Kramer. I remember her."

"That's wonderful," I said. "Could you tell me where I can find her? I'd like very much to see her."

"She is dead. She died during an air raid." I said nothing. "We were all very sorry. We were very fond of Rosa. She was a good Catholic."

"I'd like to see her grave," I said.

"There is no grave. There were many deaths that night."

"Well, thanks anyway," I said. I turned away and had reached the door, when she spoke again. "Rosa

was working for the family of a lawyer. Huber was his name. He, too, was killed. But his secretary is still alive. Elfriede, I think. She could tell you all about it. Let me see, I must have her full name and address somewhere here." She looked into a drawer of the table at which she had been sitting and fished out a little notebook.

"That is very good of you, Mother." I waited while she wrote the name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to me.

I went out. Four or five children had gathered around the jeep, staring in silence. I turned my flashlight on the scrap of paper, because by now it had become quite dark. Then I told the driver how to get there. "I really don't know why I am doing this," I said.

A few minutes later we stopped in front of a small apartment building, still in one piece, except that the windows were without panes. I went in and knocked at several doors asking for Elfriede Buchner, before I was directed to the right door.

Elfriede Buchner was holding a candle in her hand when she opened the door and I could see that she was young, blonde, and good-looking. Evidently she had seen the jeep in front of the house, and she was frightened. "You've come on account of the bicycle," she stammered.

"I wonder whether you'd care to come for a ride with me, Frau-



lein Buchner. It will only take a few minutes. I have a jeep waiting." She went back to her room and came out again wearing a man's heavy overcoat. "I thought it was on account of the bicycle," she said. "The police took it away from me, you know. It was not at all fair."

"I was told you knew Rosa Kramer," I said. "I knew her, too. I'd like you to show me the place where she—where she was killed. And tell me everything you know about that time."

Since there was no light in any of the houses, it was almost as dark as though we were driving through a forest. But the girl seemed to be able to make out where we were, and suddenly she said, "Here it is. Here, to the right."

I jumped out and helped her to get out, too. Then I told the driver to back up so that the headlights would be thrown against the building. There was a moment's pause and then the lights were focused on the house. It was the house I had shown him earlier in the afternoon, the house in which I had lived so many years.

"Here it was," the girl said. "That was Herr Huber's house. My boss. That's where he had his office, too." She waited a while for me to say something, and when I didn't, she went on. "Here down in the cellar it was. We can go down, if you wish."

We stepped over a lot of rubble

and entered the house through an opening in the wall. After a moment she found the stairs which led down to the cellar. "It used to be a wine cellar," I said. The cellar used to be divided into a number of compartments, I remembered. Now all the doors were gone, and some of the walls had crumbled. Wherever we stepped there was broken glass.

"Wine bottles," the girl explained, "they all broke in the heat."

"Tell me what happened," I said.

"Well, they just came over and bombed."

"Go on, what about Rosa?"

"She went downstairs with Herr Huber and the others. They thought they'd be safe. It was in the evening and I had gone home. If it had been during the day I would have been here, too. They stayed here, and then, when the house began to burn it got very hot. So they rushed out. They rushed right out into the flames."

I said nothing.

"That's the way it was," the girl said.

I still did not say anything. My foot was playing idly in the sand. Funny that there should be sand here in the cellar.

"You are an American," the girl said, "maybe you can tell me. It is about the bicycle. I had a bicycle. It belonged to me. I bought it. I really bought it."

My foot touched something hard.

I directed the beam of the flashlight down and picked up a tiny metal box. I opened it, knowing what I would find. There was a rosary inside.

"Why, that's Rosa's!" the girl cried. "She always carried it."

"I know," I said, and nodded. "I remember. She carried it to church every morning. She got up awfully early, even in wintertime, when it was cold and dark. I often heard her leaving the house."

"They stole my bicycle," the girl began again. "Somebody stole it. It was just a day or two before your soldiers came. Somebody who was running away and needed a bicycle. Probably a nazi."

"We said prayers together every evening. I can still remember the words. I thought I had forgotten them," I said.

"You see, I need a bicycle," the girl went on. "So I found myself a bicycle. It belonged to the youngest son of Herr Schultze who lives next door to us. He was a storm trooper. Old Schultze is a nazi, too."

I let the flashlight play on the ground. "Why is there sand on the floor?" I asked. "There never was

any sand here. And it's almost white, too."

"That isn't sand," the girl said. "That's bones that have burned up."

I looked down at my feet and then closed my eyes for a moment. Then I turned around. "Let's go," I said hoarsely, and stumbled out without waiting for her. "It's cold down here."

The girl followed close behind me on the stairs. "Now old Schultze has told the police that I stole Fritz's bicycle. Imagine! A nazi! Some nerve! The police came and took my bicycle away. Why, Schultze should be in prison."

We were in the street again. "Yes, yes," I said. I got back into the jeep. For a while I felt irritated at the girl. She had very little on her mind but the bicycle. After all, she had stolen it. But, soon I began to feel sorry for her.

Then I thought of Rosa. There must have been a lot of people in the city who had died just such a horrible death, for crimes of which they had been as innocent as Rosa. And then I did not feel irritated at anybody any more.

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### *Pray-Caution*

AFTER MASS, a woman remembered she had left her purse in her pew. She returned to church to look for it, and found it in the possession of the pastor. "I thought I had better hold it," he said. "There are some people in the congregation who might consider it an answer to a prayer."

*United Mine Workers Journal.*

# *We Adopted a Family*

*And it was the most enriching experience  
our family ever had*

By MARY TINLEY DALY



**W**E HAVE six children, a very modest income, and our friendship with Gerta and her family. This friendship is one of the best things in our lives and it came to us by chance.

One misty spring afternoon our Mary and Markie, then 9 and 11 years, were walking home from school. A newspaper photographer asked them to pose with some huge red and yellow tulips in the Presbyterian churchyard. The children were the only humans around to show how large the flowers were.

Next morning's paper carried the typical spring-is-here picture. Both the Presbyterian minister, the Revd. J. Hillman Hollister, and his friend, Msgr. Thomas Smyth, our pastor, got a lot of fun out of it: two little girls in Blessed Sacrament-school uniforms in the Presbyterian churchyard.

"What's the matter?" Monsignor Smyth teased, "Haven't you any cute Presbyterian kids?"

"Plenty," the Revd. Mr. Hollister laughed, "but they have sense

enough to keep out of the rain!"

The girls cut out the picture for their scrapbook, and thus ended the incident—we thought.

However, the following autumn Markie and Mary received a letter in English from Germany. It was from a girl named Gerta, who said she had seen the picture in a paper wrapped around a parcel.

"I am a girl 13 years," Gerta wrote. "I lost my parents when I was a baby. Now I love my foster parents, who love me heartily. I go to school and study English and would be pleased if you write to me. During the last years I have gone through many frightfulness and now we suffer want bitterly. Mostly I am cold and hungry.

"So I ask if your dear parents are perhaps able to send some food and perhaps some worn-out and unfashionable clothes, shoes and stockings. I should be thankful.

"I see your picture," Gerta concluded, "and perhaps you should like to see mine. I send it to you, with regards."

We studied the picture: a sweet-

faced little girl with haunting eyes and an incongruously mature and anxious expression. It made you long to put your arms around this child and do for her as you would for your own. The phrase from her letter kept coming back, "Mostly I am cold and hungry."

"Guess we'd look like that if the war'd been fought here," said Eileen, our own 13-year-old. "God would want us to help her."

"Maybe that's why He sent the photographer out that day." Markie was all for collaborating with the miracle, and so were the rest of us.

That very evening we set about fixing a box with what there was in the house. We all felt chagrined as we saw how many things we didn't really need.

"Me, with two winter coats!" Pat, our eldest, said, "Hanging on to that old green one, just in case. . . ." Even three-year-old Ginny had to get into the act, and generously added her best panties to the box. Gerta wrote later that these became the pride and joy of a small cousin.

Using the clothing as cushioning, we packed what we could from the pantry shelf. Out of an old pillow case we made sacks for the package of sugar and the powdered milk to prevent spilling.

The children wrote an airmail letter to Gerta, telling about themselves, and that a box was on its way.

Gerta wrote by return mail, "My

foster mother cried when your letter came saying of the warm clothing and food. We thank you for sewing up the sugar and milk. From the sacks we shall make towels.

"My mother said she did not know there were such good kind people anywhere. We shall always pray for you and ask the dear God to care for you."

Gerta added that she would like to share with the children some of the treasures she had saved since she was "a little girl"—and she was only 13 then! She was sending to Markie the doll that her grandmother, long since dead, had played with when she was a child; a "money box" for Eileen; a wooden rabbit family for Mary; and a jack-in-the-box for Ginny. Weeks later, when the box came from Germany, it was wrapped in the same brown grocery bags Johnny had cut open months before, for there was our writing on the inside; and the string was that same tough cord that had come around Johnny's radio. It was some minutes before our eyes cleared enough for us to examine the gifts.

The next box was more thoughtfully assembled; by now the children had the feeling of sharing, not just giving things they didn't want. And with that sharing, taken-for-granted items like food and clothing, soap and toothpaste, took on a new significance.

"If we're careful with what we

have," Eileen summed it up, "then there'll be that much more we can send to Gerta."

And thus, over the weeks, we kept our other family in mind as we provided for our own: tucking an extra can of corned beef or tuna fish into the grocery basket when these were on the family menu; having plain stewed fruit for dessert instead of pie, gradually saving shortening for Gerta. Instead of chocolate milk, the children took white, and a can of cocoa finally was added to "Gerta's shelf." We had to buy no more than the usual five cakes of soap each week, but there was always at least one left for Gerta. The children took just as many baths, but no longer was soap left in the trays to melt away.

Gerta had told us that she liked to knit and crochet. Pat and Eileen bought yarn and crochet cotton from their allowances. Markie and Mary had a field day each Friday allowance day in the 5-and-10 buying elastic, needles, thread, and pins that Gerta said were hard to get.

The clothes we sent were all cleaned and carefully ironed and mended by the children, and this time we sewed up the sugar and powdered milk in real towels!

For four years now, letters have been traveling back and forth across the Atlantic, building a close bond of affection with this little German family we shall probably never see.

We have watched Gerta through what corresponds to our high school; the R . . . family has watched our children's progress. Last June we had the thrill of knowing that our Gerta graduated with the "note 1"; we were excited over the romance of Gerta's older sister, then the wedding. A year later we waited to hear if the baby was a boy or girl, and received our first picture of little Louise, who is now two years old, "a darling but turbulent little girl," Gerta writes.

Each Christmas and Easter the R . . .'s send a box of gifts, products of their own loving hearts and hands. We don't like to take things from them, but we can't hurt them by refusing. "We like the pleasure to give," Frau R. . . wrote. "It is a pleasure we do not have like in old days." There was, for example, the hand-crocheted dresser scarf, the hand-carved key holder that hangs in the kitchen, the little weather predictor on Mary's window sill. Most touching of all is what must have been their treasure and is now ours, an exquisitely carved mother-of-pearl crucifix with the 14 stations engraved on the back. In our upstairs hall, it is a daily reminder.

We have learned, though, that our chance acquaintance with the R . . . was a fortunate one. We were told at headquarters of the National Council of Catholic Women, here in Washington, that

many Americans receive fraudulent begging letters from persons overseas. Because of the great need in Europe, Asia, and other devastated countries, rascals get hold of names and addresses of Americans, secure goods, and sell them on the black market.

To prevent such miscarriages of good will, the NCCW has a certified list of truly needy persons overseas, vouched for by thoroughly reliable agencies. "You can be sure that your help is not misplaced when you adopt one of our families," Alicia Goenner, War Relief secretary at NCCW headquarters, told me.

She explained NCCW's adopt-an-overseas-family program. If you wish to adopt an individual or family, or even an institution, write

to her at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C., stating in what country you should like the "adoptee."

"Matching up" of families is often practical. For instance, a family with three boys might like to pass on clothing to an overseas family with boys; a single girl would probably be of more help to a widow or single girl; a large family might be able to take on responsibility for only one person; sometimes large American families are able to help large families overseas; church or club groups could sponsor an institution such as an orphanage or seminary. The combinations are limitless and the help given, much or little, is entirely up to the sponsor.



## Flights of Fancy



After getting swept off their feet,  
too many girls lose interest in brooms.  
—*Al Spong.*

A dead tree leafed out with birds.  
—*Victoria W. Ferguson.*

Old rail fences with locked arms.—  
*Ella D. Castle.*

Eaves mustached with icicles.—  
*John L. Bonn.*

His conversation puts a terrific  
strain on the eyebrows.—*Esther Wy-*  
*man.*

Voices swimming back and forth  
across the candlelight.—*Walter D.*  
*Edmonds.*

As Midwest as corn.—*Whittaker*  
*Chambers.*

She picked up the coffee tray as  
firmly as if it were a moral principle.  
—*Ellen Glasgow.*

The kind of voice that pats you  
on the back.—*Oscar Schisgall.*

Days buttered with sunlight.—*Rob-*  
*ert C. Broderick.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



# Gene Fowler and the Penitents

*He took a much more direct path than his biographees because he felt that their ultimate destination was the right one*

By RALPH THIBODEAU

Condensed from the *Catholic World*\*

GENE FOWLER is a literary friend that I have known for 15 years. The friendship has been one-sided; Fowler has been aware of my existence for only three months.

About 40 years ago Fowler moved into his first writing job as a \$60-a-week reporter on the *Denver Republican*. He ran the usual gamut of a successful journalist, from reporter to managing editor in Denver and New York. Then he wrote for radio and the movies, and knocked out eight volumes of his nine-book shelf. Finally, two years ago, he slipped noiselessly into the Church. His entrance was so quiet that it went practically unnoticed in the Catholic press, except for a good headline story in the *Denver Register*.

The unusual silence was understandable: Fowler was not famous

to Catholic readers. If anything, he might have been considered infamous. Four of the "lives" he had written about were men who had ignored almost every rule in the Catholic book: William J. Fallon, Fred G. Bonfils, John Barrymore, and Jimmy Walker.

Willie Fallon, *The Great Mouthpiece*, stole cookies from Brother Hooley and sang Gounod's *Ave Maria* at Fordham. He threw over a prosecutor's job as assistant district attorney of Westches-



ter county, New York, because he couldn't bear to send men to prison; became the defender of Broadway's greatest racketeers, and beat every rap known to the courts, including an indictment of himself for bribing a juror. He was habitually unfaithful to his wife; shortened his life to a mere 41 years by drinking too much bootleg booze; but he

\*411 W. 59th St., New York City 19. September, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by The Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle in the State of New York.

came home to die, home to his wife and home to his Church. At his funeral, eight Jesuit priests, former Fordham teachers, stood around his coffin. They chanted: "May the angels lead you into paradise . . . and with Lazarus, once a pauper, may you have eternal rest."

Next came Fowler's story of Fred Bonfils. Bonfils was multimillionaire emperor of the old *Denver Post*, who resorted to front-page blackmail and physical assault to discipline enemies. He was the first of the yellow journalists, who would admit only one thing as immoral: "throwing money away."

At the age of 72, he arrived, as all men must, at the end of the trail. Only a few days before the end he roared down a suggestion that he look for comfort in the Church. But on his last day, Feb. 2, 1933, he said simply, "Send for a priest." Father Hugh McMennamin, pastor of Denver's Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, baptized Bonfils. The old publisher looked at the crucifix, and died.

The first faint sign of a pattern became evident to me in the lives, more especially the deaths, of these men Fowler chose to write about.

I had to wait ten years for the clincher, *Good Night, Sweet Prince*, the life and times of John Barrymore. This was Fowler's greatest book. Almost everyone of the generation just fading knows the tale of America's great Hamlet, known to his friends as the Monster. Bar-

rymore began as a Catholic, but took to himself a succession of four wives, in his quest for a love such as is not given to man, even to Don Juan Barrymore, to know in this life. After 60 restless years, on his last hospital bed, he received the last sacraments and thus found Love.

The evidence of Fowler's pattern was now fairly overwhelming. On the strength of it, I ventured a private prediction to a few friends who would listen. Jimmy Walker died Nov. 18, 1946. Mustering up all the courage of a seer, I guessed that Fowler's next biography would be about Walker.

*Beau James*, the life and times of Jimmy Walker, came out in early 1949. Most famous of New York's citizens, Walker was elected mayor but deposed for accepting tremendous bribes. A Catholic, he divorced and remarried. Five months before his death he made a magnificent public confession of faith, not at all in the glib style of the former dapper man about town. He spoke at a Communion breakfast of the New York Catholic Traffic guild.

"While it is true," Jimmy said, "too awfully true, that many acts of my life were in direct denial of the faith in which I believed, I can say truthfully that never once did I try to convince myself and others that my acts were anything else than what they were.

"Never once did I deny my faith

to square it with my actions. It is true that I acted against my faith and my Church, but I always believed in and felt with the faith of my fathers and the Church of my God.

"The glamour of other days I have found to be worthless tinsel, and all the allure of the world just so much seduction and deception. I have now found in religion and repentance the happiness and joy that I sought elsewhere in vain."

One reviewer said that the reporter "succeeded only in sounding like a sentimental buddy at a wake." But to me, Walker's speech sounded like that of an Augustine, and the reporter, who was Gene Fowler, like a man who himself might be nearing the end of a long search.

I knew only that Fowler had been raised by a Methodist grandmother; and that he had generally succeeded in keeping clear of churches and churchmen, with one notable exception. In 1912, in Denver he had met Father McMenamin. The resulting friendship lasted for life.

In his autobiography of his early Denver years, *A Solo in Tom-Toms*, Fowler told how as a young reporter he met Father (later Monsignor) Mac, and through him got to interview the Bishop of San Francisco and cover the dedication of the Denver cathedral. The only person he couldn't impress with his importance as a recorder of

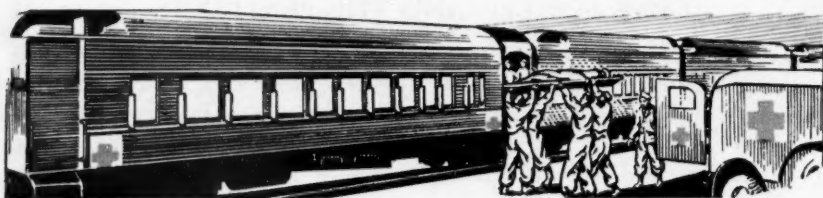
Catholic events was his Methodist granny, who said, "I don't know what you see in these papists, and vice versa. You're beginning to smell of incense."

After *Beau James*, I made one more prediction: that Fowler would soon be a Catholic. At Mass, I quietly added his name to the Commemoration of the Living.

On June 2, 1950, the New York *Times* dutifully recorded: "Gene Fowler, author, will be baptized a Roman Catholic at rites in his home town next week as the result of a friendship with a priest which started 38 years ago." I would have added, "as a result of a peculiar literary friendship of the writer for four of the men about whom he wrote, and the great intimacy which binds the writer to his subject which often ends with a personal affection and a need to imitate."

Fowler wrote to me in April about his conversion, "I am somewhat puzzled when I read of the terrible woes and indecisions on the part of some of my fellow converts. I could not in all conscience write that it was difficult for me to become a Catholic. It was the most normal and easy thing in this world to make the choice, and every time I think of the years wasted outside the Church, I could kick myself. The hard thing is to live up to the teachings.

"Yet it is a glad religion, and I am a glad man."



## Train From Up Front

*The agonies of the hot war and the tensions of the cold stretch from Panmunjom to Berlin*

By the Associated Press\*

THE WOUNDED marine screamed, "They're all dead, but we've got to get them! We can't leave those guys for the Goonies!" The husky leatherneck almost lunged out of the upper berth on the hospital train. Two doctors and two litter bearers struggled to keep the writhing body down.

The other wounded men were silent. The scream, the scuffling, and the doctor's patient words were the only sounds in the steaming car.

"Where's my helmet?" the marine yelled, swinging his arms wildly at the doctors. "We can't let the Goonies get them." He was using the marine nickname for Chinese soldiers.

The marine called out a buddy's name. An unshaved, skinny youth with a shattered foot looked up from a lower berth. "I'm right here. Now calm down," he said. But the husky marine kept calling

his name. The marine with the bad foot eased out of his berth and hopped over to the upper bunk. The husky marine kept crying. He couldn't recognize his buddy.

Four bunks away, a pair of blue eyes looked up. "You can take just so much," this marine said. He was 19 years old. He couldn't keep still; his leg, peppered with grenade wounds, was throbbing.

Across the aisle, another marine moaned softly. Blood soaked the bandages wrapped around his hands, horribly mangled by mortar fragments.

A stained bandage had slipped off a gaping wound in his neck. Near by, a marine lay on his stomach, naked. He was burned red from feet to waist.

The wounded men had fought on Bunker Hill, the dusty ridge four miles east of the tents at Panmunjom, where East and West talked icily of peace.

\*Dispatch from the Western front, Korea, Aug. 14, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the Associated Press.

# Cold-War Express

By NAN ROBERTSON BAUM

Condensed from the *Milwaukee Journal*\*

VERY NIGHT at 7:55, a sealed train chuffs away from track 19 of the Frankfort railroad station. It is guarded by tough American MP's. All doors are locked from the inside, and later, all window shades are lowered. To board it you must carry passes. Only four persons on this train have the right to get off during the last three hours of the trip. It's train No. 80609, the *Berliner*.

One evening last month we hurried into the grimy Frankfort *Bahnhof*. Twenty yards down the platform stood a U.S. army captain behind a wooden podium. "Train Commander" was spelled out on his maroon arm band. He was flanked by two MP's who blocked the way to all not carrying Berlin passes.

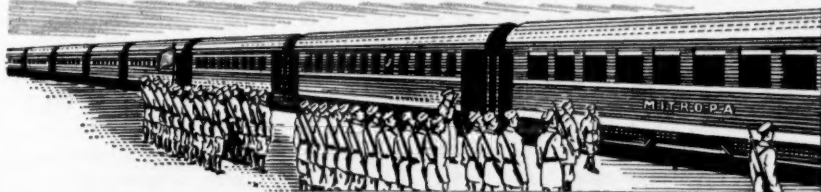
We presented our travel orders and passport to the captain. "You know," he said wryly after checking my papers with his list, "if

one word had been misspelled on these passes I'd order you off this platform. The Russians have the right to check them. And they always notice mistakes." The MP's made way and we swung up into the train.

At 7:55 a German conductor on the platform blew his whistle. Three GI's sprinted to their car. The train commander and the MP's carried their wooden stand aboard and the *Berliner* steamed off on its 12-hour journey.

Most passengers were talking of the most recent *Berliner* incident. A few days before, a troop of American Boy Scouts had thrown firecrackers out of the train window at the Soviet-zone station of Magdeburg. "Those little brats should have been spanked," said one secretary. "No wonder the Russians said we were shooting at them."

One by one the passengers strag-



\**Milwaukee, Wis. Aug. 17, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the Journal Co.*

gled back to their compartments for a few hours sleep. At 3:56 A.M. the Berliner pulled into Helmstedt, a sleepy West German village on the border of the Soviet zone.

Here the West German chief conductor and engineers got off the train. The engine was disconnected and a runtier one, under East German control, was coupled on. Another conductor and engineer crew climbed aboard for the three-hour trip to Berlin. All of them were Soviet-zone Germans, barred from entering the sealed sleeping cars.

Then the Berliner pulled out of Helmstedt and into East Germany. Up and down the corridors echoed knocking as the guards shouted, "Pull down your window shades! Keep them down until we arrive in Berlin!" MP's checked the locks once more. In a barred, heavily guarded rear car, army signal men began talking over the radio which keeps them in constant contact

with Helmstedt while the Berliner races through the Soviet zone.

At 4:33 A.M. we pulled into Marienborn, the East German check point. Dozing passengers were jerked out of sleep by station loud-speakers shrieking "*Ami* (American) go home!"

Although the passengers could not see from their blacked-out compartments they could feel the difference between East and West. A rough roadbed, badly repaired by Soviet-zone workmen, jolted the train from side to side.

At 7:30 the porter woke us on the border of Berlin. At windows of almost every building Berliners waved and grinned. Some of them were still in pajamas.

"They get up especially to see the train come in," said our porter. "It's one of their last links with the outside. As long as this train rolls through, the Berliners know that everything is all right—at least for another day."



### *Cold-War Collision*

**A** RAILWAY ENGINEER in East Germany was charged with negligence by a communist court when he ran his train through a red warning light with resulting injuries to several persons. Five minutes after the trial opened, the judge granted him full pardon and dismissed the case. The railroader had made the following plea: "Your honor, I could not stop at the red sign; to all loyal comrades of the Soviets, red designates progress, prosperity and peace. Our honorable Ministry of Transportation is even now considering red as the official 'go' color, whereas green is to mean 'halt.'"

*Pathfinder.*



# What You Eat Tells What You Are

*A good psychologist can size up your neurosis  
from the foods you like and dislike*

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Condensed from *This Week*\*



SCIENCE has been exploring America's likes and dislikes in food, and has come up with some fascinating findings. The scientific gentlemen can tell something about your character, disposition, and general outlook on life by the number of commonly liked foods that you do not like to eat.

They know that men get more enjoyment out of eating than women do; that food affects you mentally and emotionally; that a between-meal snack will tend to improve your disposition. Let's take a look at their findings via the question-and-answer route.

*Do your food dislikes reveal your personality?*

Yes. In studies made at Harvard, individuals were divided into two groups, 1. finicky eaters and 2. non-finicky eaters.

The finicky eaters tended to be domineering, lacked emotional stability, were more given to an-

ger, excitability, and moodiness, and were less happy and well-adjusted than the nonfinicky eaters. But they did show greater ability in expressing themselves, greater self-confidence, and stronger qualities of leadership.

Psychology Prof. Richard Wallen, of Western Reserve university, made a list of common everyday foods, which previous tests had shown most people liked. The list was then tested on hundreds of normal, well-balanced persons who were asked to check the foods they disliked. Then they made the same test on hundreds of neurotics.

Almost every food on the list was disliked by an overwhelmingly larger proportion of the neurotics than by the normal people. Bean soup was disliked by five times as many neurotics as normals; more than six times as many neurotics wouldn't touch grapefruit juice, cabbage, or potato soup; and 40 times as many didn't like fried eggs!

\*Reprinted from *This Week Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, Aug. 31, 1952.  
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*Why should this be?*

Professor Wallen points out that food aversions and neurotic tendencies are both likely to be acquired in early childhood. A family dispute at the dinner table may so affect a child's sense of security that the beginning of an anxiety neurosis is born; and he may connect the incident with a food eaten at that time and acquire an aversion for it. An impressionable youngster punished for not eating a certain food may acquire a fear complex.

*What are the most commonly disliked foods?*

Psychologists at Western Reserve made a survey of men and women in leading universities, and found that the most universally disliked food was buttermilk. One person out of every two thought it tasted awful. Next on the list of the ten most disliked foods was brains. Other most disliked viands were parsnips, eggplant, caviar, hominy, oysters, turnips, rutabagas, and clams.

*Do the food preferences of men and women differ?*

Yes. A Midwestern university stationed field workers in restaurants and cafeterias, where patrons have a free choice of a variety of foods. Here's what they found out.

More than three times as many men as women ate cereal for breakfast. (Less than 13% of the women

showed any interest in cereals.) The majority of the women ate some kind of fruit for breakfast, while most of the men skipped fruit entirely. Almost twice as many men were fond of whole-wheat bread; nine women out of ten preferred white. The men ate about 50% more meat than the women; also more vegetables. But the women ate three times as many salads, and half again as many desserts as the men.

*Do men enjoy eating more than women do?*

Yes. Men not only eat more heartily than women, but according to the University of Cincinnati, they get far more satisfaction. In a nation-wide survey, the American Institute of Public Opinion asked men of all ages what quality they thought was most important in a wife. Here is what most of the men placed far ahead of all other attributes: good homemaking ability and above-average cooking talents.

*Does food have a direct effect on your mental and emotional processes?*

Yes. Whether you're man or woman, few things do more to stimulate a sense of well-being than a satisfying meal. University of Wisconsin studies show that people have the greatest capacity for fun after meals; and that feelings of depression occur most fre-

quently on an empty stomach.

At Columbia university and Oregon State college, psychologists made an exhaustive study of hundreds of college students. They found that the average man got good and mad about six times a week, and that almost 50% of the times the subject blew his top just before mealtime.

*Is it important to eat a good breakfast?*

Yes. Facing the world on a comparatively empty stomach is largely responsible for irritability, de-

pression, and lowered mental efficiency.

*Do certain foods actually cause us to dream?*

Prof. H. B. McGlade, of Ohio State university, found that several foods are almost sure-shot dream producers in a large percentage of persons. Here is Professor McGlade's list of foods most likely to stimulate dreams: fresh pineapple, bananas, cucumbers and watermelon. (Mix them all together and we guarantee a nightmare!)

### *Hearts Are Trumps*

FATHER RAYMOND P. HILLINGER, rector of the Angel Guardian orphanage in Chicago, tells the following remarkable story.

Father Dennis Hishen, former pastor of Holy Cross on Chicago's South Side, once gave a missionary priest in the South \$500 to buy a model T Ford.

Some years later, while he was vacationing in the South, he was stricken with a heart attack in a small town. He knew he was close to the end of his life, and he asked the hotel manager to send for a priest that he might be anointed. The manager said he was sorry, but that there was nothing he could do. There was no Catholic church for miles.

But when the manager went back to his desk in the lobby, there, waiting for him, was a Catholic priest, asking for directions back to the main highway. Father Hishen received Extreme Unction and died a few hours later. The priest, to whom the Chicago pastor had once given \$500, drove on in his model T.

*Catholic Young Peoples' Friend (Mar. '51).*

*For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.*

# When Our Lord Was a Boy

*There were years to be lived  
between Bethlehem and Calvary*

By FRANCIS L. FILAS, S.J.

Condensed from "*The Family for Families*"\*



**I**N THE USUAL white Christmas scene Palestine's climate is not pictured correctly. Snow falls there rarely during the winter, and even then it melts within a few hours. The winter months, November through March, should more properly be called the rainy season. The average temperature of the coldest month, January, is only 46°.

Bethlehem was about 80 miles south of Nazareth. It was a hamlet with a population of no more than 2000. About three days were required for Joseph and Mary to complete the trip from Nazareth. Judging from the ordinary modes of travel of common folk in Palestine, Mary probably rode on an ass while Joseph walked alongside, leading the animal. They probably had no servant. Their road first descended into the Plain of Esdraelon, then began to rise more and more, passing through frequent towns that alternated with farm country. Finally, about five or six miles south of Jerusalem the two

travelers reached their journey's end.

The inn in which "there was no room for them" was no more than a small caravansary or khan. Vastly dissimilar to our modern hotels, the khan consisted of a courtyard for the animals, surrounded by alcoves in which the travelers spent the night. The entire enclosure was made safe against robbers by a high fence, with a gate that was strongly barred at nightfall.

Mary and Joseph were not turned away by a hardhearted innkeeper, greedy for money from richer patrons. That idea arose from the medieval legends and miracle plays of Europe. It contradicts the traditional hospitality found all over the East. The real reason was simply the fact that other travelers were living in the inn. Joseph therefore led his wife to the only available refuge, a cave hollowed into the rock and used as a shelter by the shepherds of the vicinity. Such grottoes have served

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and still serve as a common place of refuge for man and beast on rainy, chilly nights.

What circumstances prevented Joseph from getting adequate shelter? Many theories have been advanced by scholars who have spent long years in studying every possible clue ranging from the climate of the Holy Land to the minutest detail of Holy Scripture. Perhaps Joseph tried to get shelter better than the temporary home he acquired when he first came to Bethlehem; we do not know. But this seems certain: Mary's time was suddenly shortened by the direct providence of God so that Jesus Christ by His own choice would come into the world in poor circumstances, a lesson of detachment to all men of all time.

Evidently Jesus was born during the night, for "there were shepherds in the same district living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night." The weather may have been cool and raw, but not cold or snowy. Otherwise, the shepherds would have taken their flocks to some cave or other enclosure for shelter. Although tradition disagrees on the exact date of the first Christmas, it is rather uniform in holding that our Lord came into the world during the rainy (winter) season.

"And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by (the shepherds), and said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news

of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there has been born to you today in the town of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will.' And it came to pass, when the angels had departed from them into heaven, that the shepherds were saying to one another, 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.' So they went with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. And when they had seen, they understood what had been told them concerning this Child. And all who heard marveled at the things told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept in mind all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken to them."

Thus does St. Luke draw the curtain over the Christmas scene he has described in inimitable words, a scene whose richness painters and poets and preachers have never been able to exhaust. It is the first appearance of the Holy Family before men: "Mary

and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger." Mutual love shines forth in the faces of this earthly trinity: loving respect in the face of Joseph, loving adoration in the face of Mary, loving generosity in the face of the eternal God-with-us.

On their return to Nazareth the Holy Family took up a life like that of their neighbors. The usual meals were two: a midday dinner and an evening supper, which was the large meal of the day. Breakfast was too scanty to be called a meal. It was no more than a cup of milk, a piece of butter, or a few baked cakes with olive oil. Wooden spoons might have been used, but more likely the Holy Family ate with their hands.

Bread was the staff of life, and was made of barley, various kinds of wheat, or lentils. Mary baked bread each day, although she could have purchased it from the town baker. She formed it into flat circular cakes about an inch thick and nine inches across. To bake it, she placed fuel in a clay-lined hole in the ground or an earthen or stone jar about three feet high. Baking was done on the outside of this portable oven or on the hot bottom of the clay hole, after the embers were taken out. In preparing her bread our Lady did not use new leaven each day but kept a portion of the old dough from day to day with which to start fermentation in a new batch.

The rest of the diet of the Holy Family was made up largely of vegetable foods. Olives and olive oil, butter, milk, cheese, eggs, and stewed fruit helped out this menu. Meat appeared on the table rarely, and then it was mutton or beef.

Relish consisted of onions, garlic, or leeks. For the equivalent of our present-day dessert, figs, mulberries, pistachio nuts, almonds, and pomegranates were available. Grapes were served either fresh or sun-dried as pressed cakes of raisins. Cucumbers were an ever-popular vegetable.

Mary's ordinary way of cooking food was to boil it, but she occasionally roasted meat and broiled the fish from Lake Genesareth much as her Son was to do for His Apostles after His Resurrection, years later. Often on the menu, this fish was considered quite a delicacy in Galilee, and was eaten pickled or dried. In preparing grain our Lady parched or roasted it. Lentils and beans were boiled into a delicious potage, often with meat, and seasoned with mint, anise, cummin or mustard.

For sweetening Mary used wild honey instead of sugar. The salt she bought was either rock salt from the shores of the Dead sea or that evaporated from the water of the Mediterranean.

The two beverages on the table at Nazareth were goat's milk and wine. The butter made from this



milk was sometimes solid, sometimes merely semifluid heavy cream, sometimes the thick curds from sour milk. Our Lady did the churning herself by jerking a skin of milk back and forth or by beating the container with a stick. The wine was kept in large goatskins in the cool cellar of the house. From these it was drawn off into smaller goatskin "bottles" for use at table.

Jesus and Joseph had three types of garments. In a climate as mild as that of Palestine no more were necessary. The innermost garment next to the body resembled our modern nightshirt and was called a sheet or sindon. During strenuous labor other clothing was taken off to permit freedom of action. Thus, for example, when some of the Apostles were fishing "naked" on the Lake of Galilee at the time Jesus appeared to them, they were actually clad in this undergarment. In other words, to wear only this sindon was to be in a state of undress.

Over the sindon Jesus and Joseph wore the tunic, a sort of dressing gown open down the front. This made up the usual indoor costume at home or in the shop. A wide sash or girdle at the waist and rather billowy long sleeves gave the garment pleasing lines. For freedom in walking, the ankle-length shirt was slit about a foot from the bottom on each side. White with brown or red stripes

was a favorite color, but blue was common.

The third and outermost article of clothing was the cloak. Joseph and Jesus wore the cloak outdoors for protection against cold and rain, or as a covering during sleep. When made of fleece it was especially warm; cotton and woolen cloth were more usual. It was sleeveless and opened in front, but it reached almost to the ground. Either this cloak or the tunic was the valuable "seamless garment" for which the soldiers cast lots when Christ was crucified.

For headdress Jesus and Joseph wound a sort of long kerchief into a turban. Another kerchief covered the neck and shoulders for protection against the blazing sun. In Nazareth as in all the Orient it was considered disrespectful to pass anyone bareheaded, so they must have worn the turban almost always.

They were bearded and wore their hair long, as paintings universally show them. Two locks, ringlets, dropped from their temples as a vestige of the old Hebrew tradition whereby the Israelites were distinguished from idolatrous peoples who cut their locks as an offering to their gods.

For foot covering the Holy Family used sandals during the summer and shoes during the rainy season. The ordinary sandal consisted of a wood or leather sole with thongs attached, to be strapped

around the instep. Shoes were made of coarse material and protected the entire foot. Socks were seldom if ever worn. Since footwear was prescribed strictly for outdoor use, it was always left at the house door.

Mary's dress resembled the attire of her menfolk rather closely. Her distinctive mark was a veil and (for outdoor use) a mantle or great shawl. Judging from the colors usually favored, she wore a red dress with a blue mantle and a large white veil covering her whole body when she traveled in public. Her hair fell in long tresses, probably left unbraided, as it was considered more modest to wear it that way.

Palestinian houses followed a rather uniform pattern. Like the present-day houses at Bethlehem, that of the Holy Family was probably built of rough-hewn limestone blocks cemented with limestone mortar. It had at least one upper room, built above a lower room at street level, and reached by outside stone stairs. The dimensions of the rooms would be about 15 by 12 feet, and six feet high.

The lower room at Nazareth may well have been St. Joseph's workshop, extending back as a cave into the hill rising directly behind the house. Artisans like St. Joseph worked in the street outside their shops. The shops themselves were merely places to keep equipment.

The living room of the Holy

Family (the upper chamber) was windowless and simply furnished. Its only light came through the doorway. There was no fireplace or chimney, but a hearth placed near the door provided a spot for cooking where the smoke could easily escape. On a ledge running around the wall the gaily colored mats which were spread on the floor at night were rolled up during the day.

A large lamp hanging from a center beam shed a dim light at night. It resembled a saucer but had a neck for the cloth wick that rested in the supply of olive oil. Underneath this lamp was a painted table and a few chairs. Here the three took their quiet meal.

The roof of their house was flat, a cemented or earthen surface overlaid on the beams that spanned the side walls. It was reached by the outside stairway. During the cool evenings of the summer, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph retired to it for conversation and quiet prayer. They used the roof much as we use a front porch or veranda.

Joseph's position as carpenter placed him in the respectable middle class of artisans. Judging from his occupation, he was not desperately poor, nor on the contrary could he be called wealthy. His tools were the hammer, saw, ax, plane, chisel, and bow drill. Working in wood, he was a general handyman for making plows, milking tubs, winnowing fans,

yokes, forks, and household furniture. Joseph on many occasions did not receive pay for each article as he fashioned it. Instead, he agreed under a sort of "blanket-contract" barter system to look after the farm implements of his neighbors in so far as was necessary. In return for these services he received produce from his various customers at harvest time.

One feature in particular of the

Holy Family's daily life stands out. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph lived a genuinely "human" life, using the good things of this earth as was proper. There was no puritanical refusal on their part to accept the blessings of God's creation as if these gifts were evil in themselves. Rather, the bounty of nature gave them opportunity to praise and thank the eternal Father for what He saw fit to bestow on them.

## *This struck me*

*Paulinus, sent by Gregory I, carried Christianity to the northern part of Britain in 601. There the Northumbrians under King Edwin were rapidly becoming one of the most powerful of the Anglo-Saxon nations. In 627, the king, finally convinced that he was bound to accept the faith, called together his counselors and friends in a conference which resulted in the conversion of all the nobility and a large number of the common people. The observations\* of one of the king's aides at this council were reported by Bede about a century later.*

HE present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison to that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, while the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."

*\*Literature of England, Copyright, 1941. Scott, Foresman and Co., New York City.*

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]



*Here is a list of things to do to keep  
him content*

## If Johnny Has to Stay in Bed

By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

Condensed from "Your Child Can Be  
Happy In Bed"\*

**W**HEN YOUR CHILD is sick you can make him feel better and get well quicker by "fixing up" his room.

First, so as to save work later, remove everything from the sick-room that will not be needed. But this does not mean that the room must be left bare. Hang up one or more bulletin boards. Keep them and the walls gay with the child's own artwork, or bright foreign-travel posters.

It will save you many a back-ache if you raise the bed. Try at least to find an extra mattress for added height. A one-burner electric plate in the room can be a great help. Mother will save many a step if she can heat water or prepare simple food right in the room. And utensils and plates will not get mixed with those used by other children in the family if they are washed separately.

Mother needs a table in the room for her own use, and a comfortable chair. There should be a shaded light near the child if he is old

enough to stay awake after dark.

For sitting up in bed the sick child will need more support than pillows can give. You can get an inexpensive canvas back rest such as is used on the beach. With a pillow or two, this will give the necessary support. It is adjustable and easy to clean.

The patient also needs a bed table. A carpenter in the family can fashion one out of a slab of double plywood, measuring about two and a half or three feet by one and a half feet. Fasten it firmly to two six-inch-high sides. With some additional skill, a rack can be added on each side to hold papers, crayons, magazines, tissues. Keep a heavy paper shopping bag fastened to the side of the bed for the litter of scraps which otherwise would land on the floor. Another paper bag takes whatever is to be burned daily or otherwise destroyed.

A bed box is the best thing to keep a child from finding it dull to have to stay abed. It costs almost

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nothing and its curative powers are universal.

The size, shape, and kind of box to be used depends on the amount of treasures collected and amount of storage space available. A carpenter in the family can make a real box with a lid, but a strong grocery carton can be used. The contents must remain inaccessible to the healthy. When the magic day comes around and a child is judged better off in bed, only then and with due ceremony are the contents produced.

The contents of any one box will be limited and simple for the very young child, except for presents hidden away after a too-lush Christmas (a wise gesture for any age).

Here are a few suggestions as to what a bed box for younger children might contain: Around one year. Anything to make noise, blocks, paper to rustle, rattles, wrist bells.

By 15 months (when he delights in dropping everything out of his crib). Soft doll or animal, washable, better made at home. Anything to push and pull.

Eighteen months. Thick pencil and any old paper for scribbling. Paper to crumple and tear. Clothespins to stick together and pull apart.

During second year. Books, which now take on an appeal. Homemade cloth scrapbook. Sense of touch brings enjoyment; provide

small scraps of felt, wool, leather, velvet, fur. Large crayons, only one color at a time, to scribble with on folded advertising pages of newspaper, any scrap paper. Paper for tearing gives great satisfaction in act and sound.

Three. Clay important. Be sure to have it easily workable. May like wooden mallet for pounding clay. Always blocks; welcomes any small figures or odds and ends to combine with blocks.

Four. Play and hand skills quite advanced. Loves stories about familiar animals and children and nonsense rhymes. Clay, either moist or oil base; mallet for pounding. Great year for blocks, all sizes, colors, combinations, along with small figures of persons and animals.

Five. All items suggested under four, handled with increasing maturity, able to hold interest in one play idea from one day to next.

By the age of five, fingers have become more deft at manipulating small objects, which means that between five and six a child begins to grow into a person who can make more and more use of the endless treasures a bed box holds.

From six on the finished object becomes less and less important. The making of it is what brings pride and joy to a child's heart.

The older the child, and the richer any child's imagination, the more possibilities open at the sight of a cone, stone, or feather. A five-

year-old may place a cone on a block and call it a tree. An eight-year-old uses it for the body of an animal, fastens a nut onto it for a head, a feather for a tail, twisted pipe cleaners for legs.

Christmas means a harvest of loot for the bed box, Christmas cards, pieces of gay wrapping paper, ribbons, and gift boxes.

Christmas and other cards are for pasting into a homemade scrapbook by a three to four-year-old. Older children cut them out for farm animals or housekeeping, or for illustrating stories, or to make puzzles to be fitted together again. Many happy hours can go into assembling scrapbooks on a variety of subjects.

Let no vacation fail to result in a rich haul for the bed box, be it spent at the shore, in the mountains, or near the desert. Pick up shells, bits of driftwood, colored stones, moss, twigs, bark, bird feathers. The main thing to remember is how small everything needs to be.

Rescue every sheet of cardboard from father's shirts, if sent to the laundry, and from the back of used pads or laundry boxes. They make scrapbook covers, paper dolls, doll furniture, not to mention the fitting canvas they afford for paintings to be thumbtacked to the bulletin board.

Clothespins have many uses. Plain, they appeal to the one-year-old; dressed in all sorts of imagina-

tive costumes, to the child of nine.

An empty cigar box is a happy addition to the bed box. It can hold crayons or any small odds and ends, and it makes an excellent wagon. A younger child needs no wheels. Just to shove the box around, now empty, now filled, is a joy.

With a bed-box collection in mind, making collages is an activity to bring joy to a child's heart. He can begin at the age of four. *Collage* is a new word, a technical art term, defined as "an abstract composition employing various materials," introduced by the surrealists.

*Various* is the word. It is hard to think of anything within certain size limitations which a child could not turn into a detail of a collage.

It can be created against a flat surface, or stuck in a base of clay or damp papier-mâché pulp or plaster of Paris.

From there on, semimadness takes over. A strangely twisted twig with a spot of cotton on one point, or a selection of what you will from drinking straws, used postage stamps, moss.

You would have to behold a table of collages turned out by a kindergarten or older group to realize the fun a child has. I can assure you from excited experience that there is no more fascinating activity for children or grandmothers on a rainy day by the seashore



than fashioning collages out of what gets picked up along the beach.

No one child will find everything listed for a bed box appealing. A child may be too ill to do much of anything. And, in bed, it is especially important that he stop whatever he is doing before fatigue and boredom sets in.

The *how* of putting a stop to any activity is as important as the *when*. Usually an advance notice can be given, interruptions eased in. Give a hint well ahead of time that an absorbing activity must be laid aside, allow time for voicing all horrendous objections, and pay the minimum of attention to whatever degree of revolution starts brewing.

If possible let the child put away a finished or unfinished creation the way he wishes it put away. A well child hates to be hurried. A sick child hates it more.

If an older child isn't to be long in bed, he can be kept content with reading and the various activities covered by the words "creative art."

Art to a child means something

much deeper than the results evident to adult eyes. In bed and more or less alone, a child must be kept artificially in touch with his outside world. By reading appropriate books for his age and interests he can keep on seeing an ever-enlarging world through the eyes and words of others.

Through his fingers working in drawing, painting, modeling, in each and every growing skill, a child can feel more at home in the world.

Of all the fascinations to keep a child in bed content, I end with one of the most absorbing: a fat mail-order catalogue. Give an older child a pencil and plenty of paper, let him pretend to order what he will, but the final list must include no more than say, ten items.

This is happy mental torture! He has to cut a list of 150 down to ten. If the child is old enough, it adds to the interest to allow him a certain amount of money.

At the end of one day in bed he may be more of an expert in addition and subtraction than after a month of arithmetic at school.



**L**ITTLE JOHNNY and Mary had been taken to Mass, and sat in the choir loft. They were very observant. A day or two later their mother found them in a room, whispering loudly to each other.

"What on earth are you children doing?" she asked.

"We're playing that we're at Mass," Johnny answered.

"But you shouldn't whisper in church," she admonished.

"Oh, that's all right," explained Mary, "we belong to the choir."

*The Apostle* (Oct. '52).

# The First Three Words of Genesis

*Science, old noser in its prideful straw, that with anatomizing scalpel tents its three-inch of thy skin and brags "all's bare—"*

—FRANCIS THOMPSON in *An Anthem of Earth*

By FRANK HANFT

Condensed from "You Can Believe"\*

A GENERATION ago many people believed that science had the answer to the mystery of the beginning of the universe. They thought that the universe was material and mechanical. They ruled out religion because it dealt with things not material. Religion was not real, not scientific. If the people who thought this had only possessed a sense of humor, they would have smiled at their own results.

One explanation of the origin of the universe that they advanced in the name of "science" was that the heavenly bodies, stars and planets, came about by the cooling of great masses of gas. Very well, but where did the great masses of gas come from? Why, they came from the collision of heavenly bodies.

In recent years there has appeared another explanation. Space was filled with celestial dust; the dust whirled and, in whirling, drew together to form masses. This is no explanation at all of the mystery of the origin of the universe. Even if it did occur, these questions would

still remain. Whence came the celestial dust? Whence the space in which it existed? Whence the natural laws by which its whirling would cause it to draw together?

Celestial dust existing in infinite space is as unexplainable as are stars and planets. The being of the smallest thing is as much a riddle as the being of the largest. Even if we started with empty space, we would still have the baffling enigma of how empty space got there.

Our naïve "scientific" explanations ought to give us sympathy for primitive man and his idols. Like him, we try to bring an eternal mystery down to what we can grasp. We ought to have a fellow feeling with the men of an earlier age who explained the universe by supposing that it was hatched out of an egg.

But how about our own attempts? Are they not also efforts to explain what we cannot grasp in terms of what we can? The trouble with all scientific explanations of the mystery, "In the beginning," is that science's explanations always rest on

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something to start with. It leaves unexplained how that something could have come into being. It leaves untouched the thing to be explained: how anything at all ever came into existence in the first place. Of course, many scientists are quite aware of this.

The same naïve mental processes of a generation ago are to be found in what passed for explanations of the origins of life. Men were supposed to have evolved from some higher kind of ape; the apes were thought to have evolved from lower forms of life, and so on down through the forms of life and back through the ages until at last we come to a theoretical stagnant pool, away back when the earth was silent and lifeless. Here in the stagnant pool is at last the beginning of life in some simple one-cell form. The music of Bach, the thoughts of Einstein, all the marvelous manifestations of the life to come are here in this one cell, plus certain blind natural forces which will produce evolution. No thought, no plan, just the cell and the blind forces. This is the beginning.

Is it? This may be the first life, but it does not explain the beginning. Where did this cell come from? Spontaneous generation perhaps? But where did the principle described as spontaneous generation come from? And the stagnant pool? And the earth on which the pool was? And the natural forces which produced evolution? So it

turns out that in laboriously tracking life back, even assuming that all the higher did evolve from the lower, we were not approaching the answer as to the beginning, we were merely approaching the problem. The mystery is still there. Evolution may be a fact, but it is not an explanation.

Science, far from clearing up the mystery of existence, has deepened it, made it more terrifying. We are hurtling on a colossal ball at dizzy speed on a ride through the heavens. Not many miles from us begin the illimitable reaches and the absolute cold of vacant space. In this emptiness our earth rushes on at terrific speed in a gigantic orbit about the sun, while the whole solar system rushes through the vast dark void of the heavens.

The earth itself is formidable, its forces oppressive in magnitude and power. We know that a single bomb can be made with enough force in it to destroy a city. But the same devastating atomic energy is in all the ordinary objects about us. The chair on which you are sitting has so much energy that, if it were all suddenly released, you, the building, and the city in which you may happen to be would be obliterated. The hydrogen in a pail of water would make an atomic explosion sufficient to wipe out a city if we knew how to bring about the complete reaction. It is difficult to conceive the great, searing atomic flash which would destroy us all if

the entire atomic energy of a medium-sized lake were suddenly released. The atomic energy leashed in the earth itself, this ball on which we are hurtling through space, staggers the mind.

And yet the earth and the whole solar system are relatively tiny motes in a galaxy which itself may be but an infinitesimal part of a limitless universe. There are some who fear that in our experimenting with atomic energy a chain reaction may accidentally be started which would cause the atoms of the earth to let loose their energy so that the entire earth would burn with atomic flame. We shudder at the thought, but if such a fearful event were to take place, it would be a trivial celestial accident of no moment in the ongoing of the universe; there are already myriads of prodigious atomic blazes in the sky, a minor one of which is our sun.

How big is the universe? We see with the naked eye a vast host of stars, separated from one another by space so great that it is measured not in miles but in light-years. A light-year is the distance light can travel in one year at a speed of 186,300 miles a second. This means that if a star 1,000 light-years away exploded and vanished at the time Columbus discovered America, men on earth would see it shining tonight and for another five centuries. If a star is 100 light-years away, we now see the star as it was before we were born; it then sent out the

light our eyes see now. That is the vastness of the heavens.

How far does the universe extend? The question baffles the mind of man. A million, even a billion, light-years the mind can grasp, although it is more likely to grasp the numbers than the reality.

Some scientists think that the universe is curved: eventually, if we penetrate far enough we will see back to where we started. This may be true, but it deepens the riddle instead of solving it. What other universes lie beyond the curve of our own, closed to us because our sight, if it went far enough, would merely travel around our own universe? The ungraspable character of the universe deepens as knowledge of it expands. At last the truth forces itself on us: no mind can span infinity; it is something not within the reach of man's comprehension.

When did all this begin? When could it? Man's mind begins searching the limits of time and finds these as baffling as the limits of space. Our minds go back through the aeons. At whatever point we may pause, a billion years ago, a thousand billion, and ask, did all things begin at this time? The mind at once inquires: but what was before that? Baffled, our minds admit defeat, and we conclude that eternity lies behind us as well as ahead.

The very idea of a beginning of all things eludes the grasp. The

truth is greater than the measuring device of man for measuring truth. The words, "In the beginning," sound simple, and their meaning easy, but the reality here can no more be taken into a human mind than beauty can be put in a bucket. Here, then, is the first great, basic fact with which religion has to do: there are realities all about us which are beyond the measure of man's mind.

It is essential that we candidly face the fact that there are realities, such as infinity and eternity, which the mind knows are there, and which are just as real and present as chairs and tables, but are still beyond the mind's own grasp. The first three words of Genesis are "In the beginning." Not until we face infinity and eternity candidly are we ready for the fourth word of the Bible, *God*.



I remember my mother teaching her family about God and His wonderful gifts. We were non-Catholics, and for 41 years I went from one church to another.

Then the time came at last for God to work His wonders. I was sitting in a Catholic hospital with my son for three long days. Midnight, All Saints day, I went to the chapel to try to pray, and I seemed to hear a voice calling me. It asked, "Has your child been baptized?" I got to my feet and ran to find Sister Superior. She was already sleeping, but got up and prayed with me.

I begged her to call the priest. He came to me and talked the rest of the night, and we also prayed.

When it was daylight the priest said, "Your son is with God. He was baptized just before he died." Then it seemed to me there was no one else but the priest and God there with me. I walked out of the hospital a believing Catholic.

That was 20 years ago. My other four children are now Catholics, too. And when I think of my 41 years in darkness, I pray God to help me keep my faith.

Mary Olson.

*[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]*

# The Single Woman

*Tact, diplomacy, and geography are weapons  
for the bachelor girl*

By JOHN LAURENCE

Condensed from "*The Single Woman*"\*

WHEN Katherine first came to the rectory, I found it hard to take her seriously. She was 27 and attractive in an intelligent, well-tailored way. She sat on the edge of her chair, stared at me out of eyes full of unshed tears, and said explosively, "Father, I can't find a man, and it's driving me nuts!"

She is now the busy mother of a destructive infant son who has her blue eyes and her husband's red hair. She found the husband herself. I helped her to find her feet, and keep her head.

Katherine writhed under the embarrassment of celibacy. Things came to a crisis shortly after the wedding of her 22-year-old sister. I officiated at the ceremony. I had said the usual things about the blessedness of the married state, and Katherine got worried. She resolved to tell me "all." I think she half expected that I would advise her to go into a convent and do something heroically useful with her "wasted" life. My laughter nettled her.

At first she found it hard to believe that a girl of 27 is still highly marriageable. I felt certain that she would marry, and I told her so. I advised her to worry less about getting married and to concentrate more on the good things life already offered her as a single girl.

Once she gave up the struggle to keep face, she could behave more naturally in company. She began to intrigue men by her apparent indifference as to whether they were married or single. She lavished friendliness on all, men and women, and asked nothing from anyone. Then Ray came along, as I knew he would. She no longer found time to write to me.

Most unmarried women worry over the thought that they are somehow different from married women. They feel that they are queer, unattractive. This idea makes them feel inferior. The more inferior they feel the harder it is for them to get a husband.

As a Catholic priest who has



grappled with the problems of hundreds of unwilling bachelor girls, I say there is no difference between the spinster and the wife except that one has a husband and the other does not. In most cases, the spinster is merely the victim of unfortunate circumstances.

A number of factors may cause a woman to remain unmarried. Some of them can be helped; others cannot. One girl may not find a man simply because she is "out of the swim" of things. Her job or her home life may force her into a spot in which there is no mate who will suit her. Shyness causes many girls to avoid men. Others are frankly afraid of them because of unfortunate notions about sex.

Many unfortunate women will remain single because the man of their dreams has been killed, either romantically in war or prosaically in a street accident. Still others fall in love with men who are already married and, therefore, unavailable. Quite a number of women set an impossibly high standard for their soul mate. Their charms fade while they pathetically wait for a white knight to come riding over the hill.

The girl who wishes to become a wife should study her background carefully, and chalk up her assets and liabilities in the marriage market. She should learn all that she can about men. Nine times out of ten, she will be reassured to find out that men often have the same

feelings of shyness and the same need for companionship that she is experiencing.

Physical attractiveness is but a small factor in getting a mate. Women who doubt this need only open their eyes to the constant parade of fat girls, thin girls, short girls, and tall girls who every year join their grooms at the altar.

Many unmarried women are convinced that they are cheated by the harsh law of supply and demand. There is some truth in this; the girl who is having difficulty in finding a husband would do well to check the population figures and to move to some part of the country where men are more plentiful.

### *Woman's Nature*

EVERY WOMAN is made to be a mother, to find her center outside herself in other human beings who are dependent on her loving care. Her motherhood need not be realized physically, but it must be realized spiritually if she is to achieve her fulfillment and her true happiness. Woman is most truly herself when she is utterly forgetful of self, absorbed in the service of those around her. She is made to be the heart of the home, the center of light and warmth, of physical and spiritual well-being, in the family.

Janet Kalven in address to Nat'l Catholic Rural Life convention (15 Nov. '44).

However, this is not always easy, and there is more to consider than simple arithmetic.

The air-line hostess and the hospital nurse, to mention only two types of women who meet men by the score, have better opportunities of finding a husband than a teacher in a girls' college or the secretary in a small law office. Women who meet many men should select their men friends with discrimination.

The woman who is out of the whirl of life should use her ingenuity to make opportunities to meet interesting men. The difficulties of the girl who lives in a small town will be greater than those of a woman who lives in the city. The girl who comes from a large family in which there are many sons will have a better chance of meeting men than an only child will. Any woman who sees that she is out of circulation should make a conscious effort to sail back into the stream of things, because people are worth knowing and life is worth living, fully.

A man may roam the world in search of a mate. But a woman's field is mostly limited to the circle of her friends and acquaintances. If there's no man there with whom she'd like to grow old, it isn't always easy to strike out in new directions. It can be done, and is done all the time, but it calls for daring, discretion, and ingenuity.

If she does strike out, she should avoid men from too radically dif-

ferent a class of society, for with a husband there usually comes a string of new relatives. Money should be considered too. Although it most certainly isn't everything, it can be important to a woman who is used to the feel of it. Love always has to come down from the clouds, and the girl who leaves a comfortable home finds it hard to be the loving, contented wife in a garret.

Religious differences, which have wrecked many marriages, are another hazard with which wise women will not gamble.

Once in a while I have run across women who were altogether too sure that they could get along without men. They knew men, they said. Men were cads and lechers and many other unpleasant things besides. Some of these women were really not normal, but most of them were pathetic liars. The normal woman likes men. It is because she is normal that she finds it so hard to reconcile herself to celibacy.

Unwilling celibacy is embarrassing, and much more so for women than for men. It is a perfectly normal reaction to life in a world that stresses the importance of romantic love through novels, the movies, radio, and television. But what is a poor unmarried girl to do about her problem?

The first, most sensible thing to do is to admit, at least to herself, that it exists. A lie is always a bad

way out of a jam, especially the lie we tell ourselves. She should not try to pin the blame for her unhappiness on anything but the real cause: she wants to get married. And she should not try to pretend to others that she enjoys the freedom of her bachelor existence unless she really does.

Next, she should ask herself whether she has any good reason to feel embarrassed. She will rarely find that she has. If she is fat, or thin, slow-witted or sensitive, she can find plenty of married women who are fatter, thinner, slower-witted, or more sensitive. Spinsterhood is an accident that can happen to anyone. Fretting over it can only make it worse, while to sulk over it, or become embittered by it, is to court serious trouble. If a single girl can only break out of the shell of sensitiveness she so often develops, she usually finds that her problem dissolves.

There is a widespread belief that the average woman gets at least three proposals. This is not true. There are women in America, and in every land, who have never been invited to marry. But they stick to their story grimly: they could have married, but they were particular. Such women are only kidding themselves. If they still have their youth and charm, they should stop this self-delusion and go out frankly, but not too obviously, in search of a mate. If they are well past the age when women

### *Woman's Work*

A VAST field of activity now lies open to woman, intellectual or actively practical. To study and expound is an immense work and one of impelling necessity. But direct action, too, is indispensable.

Associated with men in civil [and political] institutions, she will apply herself especially to those matters which call for tact, delicacy, and maternal instinct rather than administrative rigidity. Who better than she can understand what is needed for the dignity of woman, the integrity and honor of the young girl, and the protection and education of the child?

Pope Pius XII in an allocution to Italian women (21 Oct. '45).

normally marry, they should consider the many compensations offered by a single blessedness.

There will be times when the unmarried woman will feel that she is necessary to nobody. She is not a wife to whom husband clings, nor a mother on whom children depend. She is afraid that when she dies, she will simply slip away unnoticed. For many women, this is the worst of all the frustrations of celibacy.

No woman should let herself be browbeaten by it, because there are more ways of being necessary to people than being a mother or

a wife. Red Cross work, social work, and teaching are but a few means through which an unmarried girl can reach happiness by giving of herself. And friendship is a rich vein which the single girl can mine far more successfully than the average wife, tied down as wives usually are.

A good job, of course, may not be as desirable as a good husband, but it can do much to give a girl the security and sense of pride that she so badly needs. A husband is not the sole dispenser of feminine bliss.

A career, chosen with great care and worked at with imagination, can do wonderful things for a resourceful woman. Its power to console her for the man who never came is not limited to money. It may introduce her to fascinating people. A wife is often limited in her choice of friends, but the professional woman is practically compelled to mingle with many people who think and feel as she does. She builds her friendships on common interests, and not on the acci-

dent of common neighborhood, as most wives must.

Most important of all, a career gives purpose to a woman's life. Not every job will produce a mink coat, a Cadillac, or a steamer ticket to Paris, but no young woman with brains, courage and foresight need ever wonder whether death or the old ladies' home will win the race for her. There is hardly a job so dull that nothing can be made from it.

Almost any job will bring her into contact with people. If she makes it her business to like these people, she may never become rich, but she will never be lonely.

There is no reason for any woman to be dissatisfied. If the single girl wants to get married, she should work and plan to meet the right man. If she wants to be a Religious, she should join an Order. But if she wants to stay single, to remain in the world, she should do just that, wholeheartedly, without giving herself over to unreasoned fears. There is a place in this wonderful world for everybody.



### *Penitent Up in the Air*

**A** PENITENT, living on an island, came to confession on the mainland. Before entering the confessional, he admitted that it was a year since his last confession. The priest suggested that he should go more often. "Father," said the man, "I cannot afford the time for the crossing by boat." "Come by plane," said the priest. "Father," said the man, "an airplane is too expensive for venial sins and too risky for mortal sins."

*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* (Oct. '52).

# This Age of Envy

*Envy is sadness at a neighbor's good, in so far as the good is looked on as one's own misfortune and a lessening of one's own good*

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, *Summa Theologica*, 2a, 2ae, Q. xxxvi, a.1.

By DR. HELMUT SCHOECK

Condensed from *U. S. A.*\*

**I**N FORMER TIMES, people considered envy a sin, but today they are encouraged by politicians to regard it as a virtue. It is simpler to excite people's envy than to call upon their loyal understanding of the complexity of present issues.

Hitler promised that upon his coming to power nobody would be permitted to have an income of more than 1,000 marks a month (\$250) and nobody would be allowed to live on the income from investments. Franklin D. Roosevelt once proposed a top of \$25,000 a year on incomes.

**I**s avarice in individuals confined to capitalism? No. It exists in a communist society as well. The communists hate capitalism, not because they consider wealth as evil but because they envy the wealthy. Every communist is a capitalist without any cash in his pockets.

✠ Fulton J. Sheen in *Quick* magazine (20 Oct. '52).

Today the logic of many officials goes like this: my action is right because it is socially just; it is just because it leaves a few people, for a short time at least, less envious than they had been before.

The other day I met a man who enjoyed the present rate of taxation. He was a young fellow, working in the newspaper-promotion business. He gleefully pointed out that this country, like Great Britain in 1945, would never get rid of the steep tax rates. "Some day the emergency will be over. Nobody will dismantle the tax structure. Consequently, the absolute welfare state is just around the corner." Sure, the withholding tax hurts him, too, but think how much more it hurts the "big shots"!

This man didn't expect to be any better off in this coming paradise. Still he was relieved to know that somebody else has to pay more for it than he does.

We have reached a point in history where the reasonable viewpoint is constantly sacrificed for

\*444 Madison Ave., New York City 22. September, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the National Association of Manufacturers, New York City.

the sake of the most venal one. Few people are willing to defend common sense; they fear they will be called socially unjust, unfair or inconsiderate. Far too many sacrifice principle to be on "the right side" of the future, as they understand it.

If they are in a political position, they often make use of *collective envy* as if it were a most respectable force. Hardly a political leader dares to take a reasonable stand any more if it has the slightest possibility of being called "socially unjust." His country's economy may be wrecked 30 years from now but he believes it to be political suicide to fight off unreasonable demands from greedy pressure groups.

Once justice meant "to give to each according to his merits." Today it means to give each as little as is necessary to soothe the envy of those who might have less. Slowly the notion has seized the modern mind that it is perfect justice to take away property from those who happen to own or earn more than an arbitrarily fixed low standard.

Prof. Roscoe Pound, formerly dean of Harvard Law school, commented on this development in his recent book. He said, "It may be that we shall call this justice. But the morals are those of Robin Hood or the pickpocket who was so moved by the eloquence of the preacher of the

charity sermon that he picked the pockets of everyone in reach and put the contents in the plate."

Not even the Robin Hoods among left-wing economists claim that there is much economic sense in the principle that one has progressively less property right as one owns or earns more. They are quite blunt about it. To them death and inheritance taxes, for instance, "are unimportant as revenue producers, having as justification only our desire for less inequality of income and wealth."

This pseudo-ethical attitude is spreading. It is the basis of this age of envy. However, it is not so much the rich man who is victimized as the middle class. The original intent of economically illiterate governments may have been to rob the rich for the benefit of the poor. Yet when the hand-out programs were started, it turned out that the relatively few rich men did not yield enough to pay the bills. Consequently, the middle classes were fleeced, too.

To make the middle classes ripe for the assault, they were first robbed of their good conscience. If we establish socialism in America, through the back door of propaganda for economic equality, it will not be because of any army of impoverished people. It will be, as in Europe, because the middle classes lost their good conscience and succumbed to socialistic slogans.

Socialism, to become effective,



calls for weakened middle classes. It took the destructive strategy of one century of Marxists and socialists to make the middle classes lose confidence in their ethics. The average middle-class man began to envy the upper class, but had at the same time a bad conscience toward the lower classes. After all, he was much better off than they. This envy and unwillingness to be envied created the ideal mental climate for socialism.

In non-communist Europe, organized-envy laws have ground the middle-class families to the proletarian level. Prevented by intricate legislation from saving and inheriting any considerable amount of property, the middle-class family has become the convenient victim of dictators and large-scale "planners."

One reason for the craving for reckless equalization in Europe was the all-embracing rationing system caused by the last war. It still has not ceased in England.

Whenever people live under a rigid rationing system for some time, their sense of toleration for differences in the social structure are undermined. They think that by right and by law each person is entitled to exactly the same amount of everything. It starts with food, goes on to clothing, living space, wages and salaries, and finally reaches out for happiness of any kind, as in fully totalitarian lands.

**W**EALTH which is constantly being augmented by social and economic progress must be so distributed among the various individuals and classes of society that the common good of all, of which Leo XIII spoke, be thereby promoted. . . . This sacred law is violated by an irresponsible wealthy class who, in the excess of their good fortune, deem it a just state of things that they should receive everything and the laborer nothing; it is violated also by a propertyless wage-earning class who demand for themselves all the fruits of production, as being the work of their hands.

From *Quadragesimo Anno* by Pope Pius XI (15 May '31).

Last year a Frenchman wrote this to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Do Americans want to know the reason for Europe's anti-American prejudices? Our prejudices spring from a very base motive: we are sordidly jealous of your material wealth. That's all, and it accounts for everything."

The strength of this motive could be the reason that decrepit Russia has a slightly better chance to command the allegiance of certain Europeans, even if they are not communists, than an America full of economic vigor. In Russia there is nothing to envy.

# What to Give a Nun For Christmas

*A good gift is simpler to choose than you might think, and you can cross marble tablets and stained-glass windows off your list*

By BETTY JEAN JEFFRIES



Ask a nun what you should give her for Christmas. She will usually answer, "Nothing, thank you." That puts the harried giver right back where he started from. The next scene will often find Sister watering her new aspidistra, scattering her antimacassars through the parlor, putting a frilly handkerchief in the bottom drawer. The few things she really needed will have to wait for another year.

Nuns, like people, need things. With the cooperation of several enthusiastic Communities, I have prepared a gift list. It contains items to fit any pocketbook. You would ordinarily never think of many of them. Others are the little practical things that Sister longs for but doesn't feel like asking the Community to buy for her own use.

In following such a list, bear in mind a word of caution: check with the Order on some items to make sure they are allowed. Rules vary according to each Community.

The most practical present for all

Sisters, whether cloistered or in an active Order, is a sewing box. Make it yourself or buy a genuine leather-and-gold box at the store, but be sure to fill it with thread, needles, common pins and black pins, snaps, tape, mending yarn, thimble, shears, pinking scissors, anything that might be needed by the seamstress.

All nuns sew. Most nuns make their own habits. In contemplative Communities part of their livelihood comes from their sewing. Embroidery thread and needles are most welcome. So is cloth of all kinds, especially linen, which almost all Orders use for their headgear. Cotton material, blue or grey checked gingham for aprons, black material for habits—all would bring a gleam to the eye of any Superior.

People sometimes forget that nuns get wet when it rains. An excellent gift is an umbrella. Black, of course. Rubbers, if you remember them, are handy. It's now possible to get rain capes for Religious, and they are greatly appreciated.

Books and magazines are always starred near the top on a nun's gift list. A missal, the Breviary if her Order uses it, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, which is used in most active Communities: all are necessary and pleasing. Many teaching Orders would appreciate receiving education magazines like the *Catholic Educator*, the *Instructor*, the *Grade Teacher*, the *Catholic School Journal*, even the *National Geographic*. Subscriptions to Catholic magazines of comment and *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST* are helpful to teachers.

Black bedroom slippers, dressing gowns, plain white nightgowns, black woolly hug-me-tight sweaters as well as simple linen handkerchiefs are unexciting but very welcome. Black stockings and gloves, facial soap not heavily scented, toothbrushes and paste are things one always overlooks—unless one is in the convent. Whether the Religious is a contemplative or actively engaged in teaching she needs white face cloths and towels. Knitted scarves and warm shawls insure a special prayer for the giver.

Pens and pencils, without gold clips, are very seldom requested but always warmly accepted. If you're in a stationery store, there are a hundred things the nun on your list could use: boxes of stationery, thank-you cards, note paper, rubber bands, thumbtacks, paper clips, notebooks, loose-leaf binders, typing ribbons and paper, erasers, a

stapler, an ink pad and stamp with "Good Work" and "Excellent" for the many papers that have to be corrected. Cellophane tape and stars or fancy stickers to put on themes are joys for the teaching Sister.

If your money is burning a hole in your pocket, get your favorite nun a new typewriter. She'll never forget it—or you! If you've just enough to let her know you're thinking of her, buy some of those red and black marking pencils. Your best friend may think you've pulled a boner but the Sister will remember you every time she marks those hundreds of exam papers.

Electric fans for the small convent chapel, travel clocks, and heating pads are appreciated in all Communities. Then there are wastebaskets, bookcases, lamps of all sizes and shapes, above all, electric bulbs (but watch the voltage), a radio in Communities where they are allowed—any of a thousand different things that make work easier and furnish more time for essentials, such as praying.

Specialists in every Community are grateful for whatever gifts help them in their particular field. A leather brief case for a student, medical equipment for doctors, art goods for the nuns doing the exquisite work on miters and vestments, even a small traveling case for the Sister who must do some traveling are all helpful. Many contemplative Communities do their

own gardening. Farm tools, seeds, bulbs, books on growing food, a green thumb if you've got one handy, will be of practical use.

Perhaps you'd like to give something less expensive, something you've made yourself. A nun likes nothing better than a glass of home-made jelly. If your cellar is full of canned goods, wrap up some for the Sisters. They'll be back for more; and maybe, if they have fruit trees, with the raw material in their hands. Treats are rare and doubly enjoyed, cake and ice cream, cookies, and boxes of candy.

Flowers for the altar, especially at Christmas, cannot be surpassed for thoughtfulness in a gift.

Some persons have a special admiration for an entire Community. The whole convent could share many welcome gifts: porch furniture; garden benches; push cart for the laundry; any and all kitchen appliances, especially electric peelers and mixers; a small adding machine for the business manager; clothespins and lines; flower vases; visual teaching aids such as film strips or projectors; sewing ma-

chines; mangles, dryers, washers.

A simple box containing the little personal items is as welcome a gift as you can give. Put in soap flakes and hand soap, tooth paste, shampoo, cleansing tissues, shoe polish, maybe one or two pairs of hose plus whatever else you know from your own experience is practical, and the Sister will be most grateful. Money, if you can spare any, is very welcome.

Not everybody can afford to give something material. But whether you have material wealth or not, you have *time*. You could spare a day a month or even one a week to the Community, at which time your car would be at their disposal. If you think the nuns appreciate ice cream, wait until you write the offer of rides on your gift card! They rarely get such a treat.

Whatever you do, don't shop for your nun at the nearest white-elephant sale this year. Even if it's only a package of 2¢ postal cards and a book of stamps, make certain your gift is practical. If it's useful, it is guaranteed to please, and if it pleases, your gift was a success!

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### *Gift List*

Jams, jellies  
Candy, cake  
Cookies  
Fruit  
Prepared mixes  
Ice cream  
Pies

Pencils, pens  
Stapler  
Rubber bands  
Thumbtacks  
Paper clips  
Marking pencil  
Ink pad

Stamp with "Good"  
and "Excellent"  
Erasers  
Notebooks  
Loose-leaf binders  
Typing paper  
Typing ribbon

Typewriter	Mending wool	Film, photo
Drawing paper	Name tape	Garden tools
Brushes	Embroidery thread	Garden furniture
Oils	Embroidery needles	Porch furniture
Water colors	Sewing machine	Bulbs
Crayons	Toothbrush	Seeds
Colored pencils	Tooth paste	Garden book
Lettering pens	Toothbrush glass	Advice (sparingly)
Colored inks	Soap	Light bulbs
Drawing board	Shampoo	Lamps
Gift certificate	Shoe polish	Flashlight
Linen	White towels	Bookcases
Cotton material	White face cloths	Adding machine
Checked gingham	White blankets	Filing cabinets
Material for habits	Coin purse	Wastebaskets
Flannelette	Pocket book	Spiritual books
Shawls	Heating pad	Magazine subscriptions
Stockings	Can opener	Note paper
Gloves	Mixer	Stationery
Umbrella	Potato peeler	Thank-you cards
Rain cape	Kitchen gadgets	Gift wrapping
Handkerchiefs	Dust cloths	Envelopes
Nightgowns	Brooms	2¢ postal cards
Dressing gown	Vacuum cleaner	Stamps
Bedroom slippers	Laundry push cart	Maps
Sweaters	Pusher for cart	Globes
Sewing box	Clothespins and lines	Passes (buses, trains)
Snap and black pins	Mangle	Your time and car
Shears	Housewares	Letters
Pinking scissors	Pocket watches, silver	Laundry stove
Thimble	Travel clocks	Kitchen stove
Tape measure	Radio (in some Orders)	Station wagon
Thread	Camera equipment	Prayers

### *Allegory*

AT THE KOREAN truce talks in Panmunjom, a U.S. officer accidentally bumped the foot of a North Korean girl, a communist interpreter. He smiled and said pleasantly, "Excuse me."

The girl neither spoke nor smiled. Instead, she turned to her neighbor, a Chinese major, and asked him something. The major spoke to a Chinese general. The general left the room and entered the Red telephone center. Two and a half hours later he returned and spoke to the major, who leaned over and whispered to the interpreter.

Then she turned to the American officer and said, "Certainly."

East German *Tarantel*.

# Don Felipe Builds Alone

*They call his church the ugliest in Latin America but no church could have a more beautiful origin*

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Condensed from *The Way of St. Francis*\*

WHEN I was very young the very sight of any ugliness caused me great pain. Then one day my copybook lesson declared that beauty was in the eye of the beholder. I set out for a second look at what I had decided was the most hideous object I knew of. This was an umbrella stand, a cylinder of concrete decorated with bits of broken glass. I decided I must go on looking until the beauty which was in my eye began to work. Presently, it did.

There was, no doubt, a drawing power in its myriads of happy fragments, gleaned from a long life and now reassembled in an awkward labor of love. I still knew that the umbrella stand was in fact ugly. But through it I understood an all-enduring truth. Without that

understanding I might later have by-passed many things of importance, among them the church of Yurrita. This church has become known as the ugliest church in all Latin America.

Its story begins in 1905 on a day when the mountain called Santa Maria erupted. Although it was high noon, the sky was as black as midnight. Standing with her base in lush farmlands, Guatemala's stupendous volcano overshadowed the lonely plantation of Don Felipe Yurrita in Costa Cuca, near the Pacific coast. The day was still new, but the 2,000 laborers who worked the fields had already scattered to their tasks. Upon Don Felipe's shoulders rested the sole responsibility for a decision concerning them. The decision must



\*107 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco 2, Calif. Sept.-Oct., 1952. Copyright, 1952.

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be made immediately, for Santa Maria was obviously about to stage a first-class eruption after almost 50 peaceful years. Should he hold the men to the ranch house or let them go home? A terse order set the great bell over the gateway clanging while Don Felipe went to the upper gallery to comfort and reassure his wife and two small sons. Presently Don Felipe could hear the gathering panic of the men's approach and he stepped out upon a balcony.

Unless the lava flow struck directly, the buildings would offer comparative safety. Yurrita knew that he could hold the men inside the buildings by force of arms. But, within memory, the workers in another such predicament had been held by force and all had been killed.

"Those who wish to go home may do so now," Don Felipe said. "Those who wish to remain will go into the buildings in an orderly manner. The choice is yours."

Three hundred men started for home. All were killed. The rest crowded into every available inch of space offered by Don Felipe's sprawling buildings. Black smoke rolled over the buildings, carrying a churning hell of cinders and an intolerable stench. The change from night to day brought only dim light.

It was at the hour which should have meant daybreak when Don Felipe first noticed the animals.

Strange sounds aroused him. He peered out into the patio where, in the faint dawn, he saw a doe and twin fawns drinking at the fountain. Then, as he watched incredulously, a leopard came and drank with them, harmlessly. Don Felipe blessed himself with a trembling hand.

The animal invasion had only begun. Two great pythons crept down the fireplace chimney. Small burros from the hills stood motionless above some ancient armadillos and a few surviving sheep rubbed thick coats against the rough bristles of wild hogs. Parrots and monkeys from the wet bottoms where the banana groves had been took possession of the potted plants. Thousands of bats hung immovable on the blackened vines above the cloisters. The heavy wooden doors of the outer patio had long since given way to the deadly, quiet persistence of cattle seeking to reach water. And thus the ranch house became an Eden in which the mountain lion literally lay down with the lamb, both shorn of every impulse except reverence for life.

Not so the men. By the second day Don Felipe had all he could do to avert the rising panic which impelled the humans to escape.

"Look at the animals and learn!" he cried, holding them back at gunpoint. "Only when they leave will it be safe for us to go out also." In the end order was restored.

Don Felipe went to the chapel and flung himself down before the altar. Yurrita had always been conventionally religious, but not until now did he learn to pray. During that terrible night he, the proudest, richest man of his time and place, came to know humility. He addressed the Santa Maria, she who could give no shelter to her blessed Son in His agony. The prayer sprang from the depths of Don Felipe's heart. Yet he came of a people who for hundreds of years had driven hard bargains with their saints and were accustomed to offer payment for heavenly favors with the goods of this world. So it was natural that Don Felipe's prayer should contain a material offer.

"Save us, holy Mother," he cried, "and I will build you a church the like of which has never been seen and so can never be forgotten!"

His prayer was answered, for on the third day the sun shone in the sky as innocently blue as the Virgin's own robe. Looking from his open window, Don Felipe saw the great mountain, wan and blackened. It held a small new volcano on one slope much as an Indian mother carries a baby on her hip. And indeed the two volcanoes are to this day called Santa Maria y Su Hijo (the Virgin and her Son).

All around, the countryside lay deep in ashes and volcanic fragments, and many people had died; but all those at Costa Cuca had

been saved. The animals were gone now, all except one sickly lamb. And Don Felipe cherished the lamb, calling it *Cordero del Dios*, which means Lamb of God.

Don Felipe set about fulfilling his vow. He began building *El Templo de Nuestra Señora de las Angustias* (the Church of Our Lady of Anguish), which people now call the one-man church. It took Yurrita 25 years of unceasing personal labor to build the fantastic structure. Word of his enterprise reached over the mountains. The 1,700 men who had been saved along with him wished to share in his thanksgiving. They came from villages and distant mountaintops to help him, two or three at a time, working in shifts, although no such agreement actually existed. And having heard of the "miracle at Costa Cuca," Indians who had never before seen Don Felipe made their help a matter of pilgrimage.

They came afoot from 100 or more miles away, carrying logs of mahogany or chicle upon their backs. Others brought great baskets full of small stones, green, crimson, amethyst or rosy as pink coral, from the mysterious rainbow ledges 11,000 feet high in the mountains near Huchuetenange, where leathery orchids grew in the giant pine trees. Indians came bearing bits of carving from unknown, ruined Mayan cities, and Don Felipe added the bits to the slowly growing church which he had unimagina-

tively planned to build of brick. But as the peons poured their treasures at his feet he found himself unable to reject any. Most of the stones were unfamiliar, and scientists from all over the world have tried in vain to identify them.

Inside the church the woods used represent every variety known to grow in Guatemala, 300 in all.

After completion of the church

and Don Felipe's subsequent death, the minor miracle of its construction fell into obscurity. The church of Our Lady of Anguish stands almost unnoticed in a quiet residential section of Guatemala City, its curiosities occasional fodder for the glib tongues of tourist guides. I often wonder how many of those who visit the ugly church realize the beauty of its conception.

### *Promise*

**S**OUVENIR NECKLACES which Soviet women received as a gift from their government are being used as rosaries.

The necklaces were designed to symbolize completion of the fifth Soviet five-year-plan. Each contains five large beads, one each for each of the plans. These are separated by ten smaller beads of different colors representing the ten fingers of the worker. The clasp is engraved with a hammer and sickle.

Underground sources are supplying crucifixes and five other beads to complete our Lady's rosary. Thus Mary is taking over for her faithful Russian children the very souvenir which the Kremlin designed and produced.

Josephine Quirk quoted by Anne Tansey in *Mary Immaculate* (Oct. '52).

### *Fulfillment*

**I**N DACCA, INDIA, is Mariamnagor, which means City of Mary. There lives a nucleus of Catholics of ancient origin, perhaps traceable to the Apostle St. Thomas.

In the 16th century, Portugal had great influence in India. Recall the apostolate of St. Francis Xavier. In time, the thriving Portuguese were pushed out by the Dutch and English.

Some of the fleeing Portuguese traveled north and settled among the remote and different Garo people. For a livelihood they turned to piracy and mercenary service for the rajahs. Gradually they intermarried with the half-Christian Garos. Their faith was almost gone and their morals wretched when in 1937 a Catholic missionary came to live among them.

But they had a common practice of carrying a rosary and saying it regularly. The Hail Mary had become a twisted, unintelligible mixture of Bengali and Portuguese. But it was still the Rosary. It had still preserved enough of the faith to be a ready basis for the promising Catholic community that has grown up in the last 15 years.

A. J. Brouwers in the *Tidings* (26 Sept. '52).

# My Christmas Story

*I'll never forget how these people remembered*

By LEON WILLIAMS



**I** WAS FOR a while one of the lads in the Franklin County Children's home in Columbus, Ohio. At Christmas, it was the custom of the home to put all the boys' names on slips of paper, and place them in a bowl. They were then drawn by kindly people who had each volunteered to take a child into his home as a guest for Christmas day. We children were not allowed to be present at the drawing. The event took place long after our bedtime.

This Christmas in 1930 was my first Christmas away from my mother. She was ill and unable to care for me, and I was a thoroughly lonely little boy. I looked forward to an empty Christmas, and on Christmas eve I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning, after breakfast, I stood at a window overlooking the main driveway to watch the children and their hosts for the day enter automobiles and drive away. Suddenly, my name was called. I turned to find the matron waiting for me. She told me to go to the superintendent's office.

The superintendent introduced

me to a charming middle-aged Irish couple. They were, I learned, to be my hosts for the day. I was awed, and a little afraid. Could this be true? I was colored, my parents were from the South; I was born in Kentucky, and my mother had taught me a great deal of respect for the "white folks," as well as a certain amount of fear. Could these two people possibly want me to go home with them? Hurrying to my locker, I got my best coat and cap, and scurried back to the office. A few of my playmates still waiting for their hosts to show up made dire predictions concerning my probable fate.

I was trembling with fear and happiness as my hosts led me to a modest sedan. Wonder of wonders, I was permitted to sit in the front seat between my hosts. They soon put me at ease by pointing out places of interest we passed.

As we pulled abreast of St. Anthony's church, we stopped. We went into the beautifully decorated main chapel. It was quiet and almost empty except for a few people scattered along the altar rail at prayer. We went to the shrine of

the holy Mother, and knelt down together. After a few minutes we arose, left the church, and continued on our way.

I don't suppose I shall ever forget the wonderful kindness and hospitality shown me by these people and the members of their family. I played games with the children, devoured a huge Christmas dinner, and had my picture taken. The climax came when, loaded with gifts and radiantly happy, I was told it was time to take me back to the home.

As children are so likely to do when occupied with pleasurable things, I had almost forgotten my mother. Now, after all my fun, I thought of her in her lonely bed at the county infirmary. I did not even know where or what it was, except that aged and sick poor people were sent there. Imagine my surprise when the car eased to a

stop before a grim red-brick building with a widespread lawn.

Although it was quite late in the evening, a few tactful words from my host got us the permission to go in. We went up the stairs to the third floor, where we stopped before the door leading into a small six-bed ward. I shall never forget how tears of happiness sprang into my mother's eyes when I was ushered into the room. There in her arms I eagerly told her of the day's thrilling events. I presented her with a bouquet of flowers given to me by my thoughtful benefactors. After introducing my friends to her, we started back to the children's home.

It was a perfect ending for a truly wonderful day. Two kindly people had shared their Christmas with a little colored lad, and showed his mother that life is good and worth living.

### *Reflections on the State of the Nation*

**P**PIPE-SMOKING Rob Hall, covering a congressional hearing on Reds in government for the communist *Daily Worker*, was doing the same as every other newsman during one of the duller stretches. He was doodling.

Some reporters were drawing pictures. Others were idly filling their notes with fancy X's and circles. Hall was doing neither.

A newsman was curious about what a communist would doodle. After the session he picked up Hall's discarded scrap paper. In big, bold letters he found, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country."

Ruth Montgomery in the *New York Daily News* (20 Sept. '52).

# BOOKS

## CATHOLIC DIGEST READER

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

CATHOLIC DIGEST READER, *compiled by the editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, with an Introduction by James Keller*. N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 512 pp. \$3.95.

The bedside anthology has become a standard gadget in American life. Your week-end hostess will ordinarily try to read your mind as you arrive, and your bedside table will reveal her facility with the crystal ball. You will often discover just what kind of a man your hostess thinks you are, as you turn on your bedside light and ready yourself for bed.

Anthologies, because of their bulk, are not exactly a dime a dozen, but they are, by and large, compiled with an eye to amusement reading. Just why amusing selections should be thought to have such sleep-making qualities is a mystery—unless perhaps there is too much amusement in American life. It is pursued with a dreary persistence exemplified by Sad Sack in the comics. Judging from the faces of the people pursuing it, the objective is often as abortive as Sad Sack's experiences.

These are some of the reasons why the CATHOLIC DIGEST READER is something of a tonic shock. It is an anthology, it is true, but it is

an anthology with a difference: it has a pattern and a rhythm that speaks well for a magazine quietly celebrating its 15th anniversary (now past) with the publication of this book.

The READER is divided into three main sections: "Religion at Its Source," "Religion at Work," and "Religion in Persons." The first part is a living exposition of the "leaven in the dough." Mauriac analyzes the life of our Lord; Ronald Knox amusingly describes for us the trials of a translator; D. B. Wyndham-Lewis chats with an unbeliever; Fulton Oursler gives voice to his belief in "Why There is a God"; Graham Greene tells us about the Assumption of Mary, as only he can tell the story. Prayer, the Mass, the sacraments, purgatory, sex: no aspect of Catholic belief is neglected or remains unspotlighted. The astonishing thing about this, and the following sections of the book, is that all subjects are handled by masters of the written word. They bring to their faith all the indirect directness of life itself, and the intuitive surprise which has made them the great writers they are. This is living Catholicism, and it lingers in the mind with the instance of life.



"Religion at Work," the second section, shows us how religion ought to and does inform and illuminate every aspect of the life we are living today. The relations between Church and state are discussed; and the effect of belief on science, the social order, education, history, race relations, industry, and art is traced out in practical examples as lively as they are instructive. Here again, competent experts and famous authors come into their own: Leo XIII, Belloc, Sheen, Waugh, Lecomte du Noüy, Barbara Ward, Bernanos. The names are as fabulous as the discussions.

In the final section of the READER, "Religion in Persons," we see profundity of belief affecting the lives of men and women in a heroic way: living Christians of noble life we have all known, missionaries that labor in the far places of the world, saints that had the gaiety

and magnetism of holiness, converts of eminence. Francis Parkinson Keyes takes us for the last evening in the home of the Little Flower before she entered the immortal silence of Carmel; the writers of *Time* go on tour to the grave of Peter Maurin and the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty; Claire Boothe Luce measures the character and achievements of Al Smith; Franz Werfel sings a *Song of Bernadette*. All the humor and humanity of saints and missionaries sparkles with the wine of Christ's divinity, and famous converts invent new phrases in explanation and praise of the Mother of men who never ceases to bring from her treasure things old and new.

This is a fascinating anthology, but it is not one whit less practical because it is charming. As I said before, it approaches doctrine, things and people after the manner

## BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

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(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. The Magic Currant Bun, by John Symonds and Andre François (Lippincott, \$2).

Intermediate—9 to 12. Maggie Rose, by Ruth Sawyer (Harper, \$2).

Boys—12 to 16. Halfway to Heaven, by Ruth Adams Knight (Whittlesey, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. The Captive Princess, by Maxine Shore (Longmans, \$3).

Knowledge Builders. Cargoes on the Great Lakes, by Marie McPhedran (Bobbs Merrill, \$2.75).

of life and in unforgettable accents.

Classes in religion, convert groups, men of good will, students, the lonely, the successful and the famous, all have a wealth of things to learn from this book.

In religion classes, particularly, the book would be a prize and a stimulation. The courses offered in this department of studies are too often dull and far too didactic. And it ought to be admitted that religious bores are the most monolithic of all bores. It is no wonder that a good many students seem to come out of such sessions with jaded

minds and unremembering memories. Religion, poorly taught, excites in students no more than a vague distaste. They come to regard religion as having little or no part in the tough life men and women lead in the outside "world." Compared with the unartful and uninspired quality of class texts, the CATHOLIC DIGEST READER is as exciting as a good world series or a political campaign. It's much too exciting for a bedside book, except for all those men and women who ask for no more lulling music than the music of Life.



### *Mothers' Hours*

"WHO is it," the teacher asked her kindergarten class, "who has the sweetest smile, works for you, hears your prayers and puts you to bed at night?"

One five-year-old popped up with the answer: "Our baby-sitter!"

Martha D. Brown in *Dixie (Times-Picayune)* 5 Oct. '52.



### *Mothers, Ours*

MOTHER LOVE is the best medicine. That's what several British hospitals have discovered as a result of a scientific experiment conducted over several months. The great Ormond Street hospital for sick children, in London, took the lead.

Instead of cutting off its little patients from the outside world and confining mothers to definite and infrequent visiting hours, the hospital directors decided to let mother come in every night, tell baby a story, tuck him in bed, and kiss him good night.

The results were so successful in helping the children to get well faster that other hospitals have begun to follow suit. They've found that the best doctors and nurses in the world and the most sanitary conditions are not enough by themselves. They've found, in fact, that there's no substitute for the love and devotion of a mother. Chicago *Daily News* foreign service (5 Oct. '52).

# Padre Pio's Wounds

*A resumé of medical testimony reveals no presently known physical explanation for his stigmata*

By PASCAL P. PARENTE

Condensed from "*A City on a Mountain*"\*

SAN GIOVANNI ROTONDO was an obscure Italian town of about 10,000 inhabitants when Padre Pio arrived there. The Monastery of Our Lady of Grace is about one mile beyond the town itself. Our Lady of Grace church is attached to the monastery, and beyond is a lovely garden enclosed by a wall.

Padre Pio had been sent to San Giovanni Rotondo in 1917 to recover his health or to die peacefully. In spite of his weakness, he scrupulously fulfilled all the duties of the Community. He continued to suffer stabbing and burning pains in his hands and feet which he had first had on Sept. 20, 1915.

On the morning of Sept. 20, 1918, Padre Pio was kneeling in the church choir after Mass, making his thanksgiving as usual at the foot of a large crucifix. It was

the third anniversary of his invisible stigmata, and about the same hour. He felt, he said, five luminous rays from the five wounds of the Crucified suddenly penetrate his hands, feet, and side. The pain and joy experienced at this moment were too great for him to bear. He fainted and fell to the floor, bleeding profusely from his wounds. Brother Nicola came, saw, and understood what had happened. He called the superior and with his help carried Padre Pio to his cell and laid him on his bed.

When the local superior had examined the mysterious wounds, he immediately got in touch with the provincial superior in Foggia and the general superior in Rome. The provincial ordered that a photograph be taken of the wounds in Padre Pio's hands. This was done, and the picture dispatch-



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ed to Rome. The same provincial also ordered that Padre Pio be thoroughly examined by Luigi Romanelli, M.D., of Barletta. This doctor visited Padre Pio five times during the following two years.

Dr. Romanelli observed, "Scientifically speaking, wounds heal under the proper treatment, and complications set in if they are neglected. Now, can it be scientifically explained why Padre Pio's wounds, subjected, even in my presence, to washing in water that was anything but sterile, wounds covered with common woolen gloves, or with handkerchiefs taken from the common open shelves, do not fester, show no complications and do not heal?"

This was two years after the appearance of the wounds. More than 34 years have now passed and the same wounds persist. The provincial superior examined the wounds immediately after their appearance and said that looking through the wounds in the palms of Padre Pio's hands, one would have been able to see in all its details a piece of writing or another object placed on the opposite side of his hands.

This means that the friar's stigmata are real transfixions or perforating wounds. The contours are so clear that, even under a magnifying glass, they present no edema, no infiltration, no reddening.

The wounds in the feet show the same characteristics as those in the

hands. The doctor noticed that it was very difficult and rather painful for Padre Pio to close his hands. The same difficulty is noticed in his gait because of the wounds in his feet. The wound in his side is about two and three-quarters inches long, and has the shape of an inverted cross, such as a cut by a lance would have caused.

The news that he had received the stigmata spread like wildfire, and soon people by the thousands were flocking to see him, kiss his hands, go to confession, assist at his Mass. They came from neighboring towns, then from the rest of Italy, Europe, and other continents. Often, the police had to be called in to control the crowds.

Stigmata, in a mystical sense, are real wounds of skin and tissues. By their shape and localization they correspond to the five wounds of the crucified Christ. As a medical term, the word *stigma* means a mark or a spot on the skin. Hysterical stigma means a red spot produced by nervous influence.

For thousands of the faithful Padre Pio's stigmata create no difficulties. These people reason that Padre Pio is a saintly priest. Therefore, his wounds have a mystical meaning, the seal of Christ on His servant. Nevertheless, Church authorities have studied the wounds diligently to be sure there is no deception. Long, tedious examinations of Padre Pio and other stigmatics and the restrictions placed upon

them are explained by this attitude of the Church.

Actually, the discomfort and physical pain of the stigmata are trifling when compared with the mental suffering caused by suspicion and condemnation.

During the summer of 1919, the superior general of the Capuchins asked Amico Bignami, M.D., professor of pathology at the University of Rome, to visit Padre Pio and to make a complete report on his condition. Dr. Bignami was an unbeliever. He examined Padre Pio with great diffidence, then applied a specific remedy to heal the wounds. As a precaution against fraud, he applied a seal to the dressing covering the wounds. After the required time had elapsed, he removed the seal and the dressing, only to find the wounds completely unaffected by his remedy.

In his long report, the doctor attributes the stigmata to a necrosis of the derm and epidermis, his famous theory of *necrobiosis*. He did not explain the wounds' symmetrical position in both hands and feet, and the fact that at the time they had persisted there for nearly a year without getting better or worse. What would he say now, after 33 years of the same unchanged state of affairs?

Dr. Bignami's report did not seem to satisfy the Capuchin authorities in Rome. Thus, in July, 1919, soon after receiving it, the same superior general requested

George Festa, M.D., an eminent Roman doctor, to go to San Giovanni Rotondo to visit Padre Pio.

Early in October, Dr. Festa undertook his assigned task, stopping first at Foggia to see the provincial superior and to examine all the documents pertaining to Padre Pio. Then, in the company of the provincial, he drove to San Giovanni Rotondo.

He soon noticed the humble disposition of the stigmatic, and understood that the new phenomenon was actually a source of embarrassment to him. In fact, the friar showed no pleasure or satisfaction in what had happened, regarding it all as a cross.

Dr. Festa examined Padre Pio's wounds and remained long enough in the monastery to obtain a good idea of Padre Pio's life and character. On his return to Rome, having seen Dr. Bignami's report and noticing some difference between the latter's description of the stigmata and his own, he decided to visit Padre Pio a second time, and to invite Dr. Romanelli to come with him. This was done in July, 1920.

The conclusions of the two medical men were in perfect harmony. Five years later Dr. Festa returned to see Padre Pio and found no changes in the five wounds. Dr. Festa's final report concludes, "The five lesions which I have observed in Padre Pio must be regarded as

true and real anatomic lesions of the tissues. Their persistence, two years after their first appearance, their strange anatomopathological characteristics, the constant oozing of very red and very fragrant blood, their localization, coinciding with the parts of the body in which our Lord offered Himself to the supreme sacrifice of the cross, are things which may puzzle only those who from natural facts are unable to rise to a synthesis of religion and faith."

Father A. Gemelli, O.F.M., M.D., was the great authority of the time on experimental psychology. Father Gemelli in writing of Padre Pio was of the opinion that except for St. Francis of Assisi and St. Catherine of Siena, most cases of stigmatization could be explained as hysteria. But Babinski, one of the most eminent scholars of neuropathology, affirms that hysteria has never produced visible

lesions of the skin. The same thing is affirmed by Dujerine, the successor of the neurologist Charcot at the Salpêtrière clinic in Paris. In the vast number of cases of psychopathics and neuropathics observed by him at the Salpêtrière, there never was a single case of bleeding wounds like the stigmata. The same conclusion was also reached by Dr. Pierre Janet, who, in his years of practice among neuropathics, never had a single case of true stigmatization. Natural stigmata have never been seen in nor produced by experiments.

The truly hysterical person is insincere; simulation and lying are the characteristics of hysteria. The virtue of Padre Pio, no less than his goodness and sincerity, is realized by all who have met him. Those persons are in the thousands, with many of them eminent in the world of science, literature, art, and the hierarchy of the Church.



### *I think we can* **AVOID WAR if:**

Enough of us will become realists. As Pope Pius XII recently pointed out, the problem is fundamentally a spiritual one. Then realism demands that we look steadily beyond our stockpile of atomic bombs to God, who constructed the atom, and acknowledge His fatherhood and His

power. It is realistic to fear God more than communism, to dread sin more than aggression. If the seers, those who contemplate God in His beauty, can gather enough weight to tip the scales of public opinion in this blind world, we will be on the threshold of peace.

Audrey May Meyer.

*[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]*





## Escape to Hong Kong

By MARK TENNIEN

Condensed from "No Secret Is Safe"\*

*Father Tennien's adventures, embracing many a narrow escape from death, date back to the days of the Japanese occupation of China. "Father Tennien labored tirelessly to facilitate the work of the missionaries, many of them behind Japanese lines," wrote Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer in a foreword to Father Tennien's book *Chunking Listening Post*.† "His consecrated work required him to travel widely, to the remote province of Sinkiang, to India to arrange for the care of evacuees, to the scenes of floods and locust pests which added to the devastation and famine created by the war."*

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Creative Age Press, New York City.

CHINA had fallen to the communists. The Nationalist army was broken. Chiang Kai-Shek was evacuating what troops he could save to Formosa. This was in November, 1949.

I found myself thinking of the years since 1928, when I first came to China. They had their ups and

downs, their pleasure with success, their tears with failure. I had seen bandit attacks, civil wars, bombings, and the Japanese invasion. There was a gap of two years, 1933-34, when I was carried out of China with TB to a California sanatorium. Going back to finish the span, for the missions are my

\*Copyright, 1952, by Mark Tennien and reprinted with permission of Farrar, Straus & Young, New York City. \$3.50.

life work, I had learned to eat Chinese, think Chinese, and live Chinese. China was home to me. My heart had sunk deep roots into the land and belonged there. I wanted to grow old and leave my remains in the earth of China.

In my garden in South China, where we plant in the fall, I squeezed the good earth through my fingers. The mountains and the loam reminded me of the farm in Pittsford, Vt., where I spent my boyhood.

My days in China had been good days. There were only four American priests and 200 converts when I got to Kwangsi in 1928. Now there were 50 Maryknoll missionaries, eight Chinese priests, and 30,000 converts. We had grown up through failures and successes, and had gained experience and maturity. We were making 5,000 converts each year in Kwangsi. Would this all stop with the communists? What would happen to us? What would happen to our people?

Retreating Nationalist troops trailed by the mission. The iron shoes of their pack mules clanked over the stones. I asked them if Wuchow was still in their hands. "It was yesterday," they answered, "but it will be abandoned soon."

My own deserted town of Shumkai was as lonesome as a cemetery. The alleys were deserted; doors of the empty shops were locked. People had urged me to take refuge in one of the remote villages. They

said I could wait out the fight there and return when it was over, but I chose to stay.

At the convent we had two Chinese Sisters. I told them to bolt and bar the doors, answer no one, and stay out of sight when the communist troops arrived. Three days of nervous waiting followed. The market was abandoned, so we lived on canned goods. Silence had dropped over the whole valley. Here and there a rooster crowed, a dog barked, or a whiff of smoke rose. A few people had stayed and locked themselves in their homes.

Long columns of communist Gen. Lin Piao's troops finally reached the town. They wore soft caps, with ear flaps tied over the top, and a star pinned on the front. They had new green uniforms stuffed with cotton against the winter cold. On their feet they wore tennis shoes that hardly disturbed the silence or scuffed the dust. The mission was the first building at the edge of town, and passing troops banged our doors all night long. Sometimes it was to ask directions, sometimes to ask for drinking water, or to borrow the stove to cook a meal. Sometimes it was the intelligence men, to get information.

One officer asked about the diocese, the bishop, and the Church in words that gave him away. I said, "You are a Catholic, aren't you?" He answered with a slight nod which those around did not

see. That night, a soldier or two stole in for the sacraments. One youngster told me his brother was a priest in North China. All said they did not dare to practice their religion openly.

One officer showed me his carbine and said, "This came from your country. All our good weapons are American-made, taken away from the defeated Nationalists."

The first division of troops to pass was well-equipped, but those coming after were too poorly armed to be called soldiers. On the average, only one in ten carried a gun. The others depended on capturing equipment or picking up the guns of fallen comrades.

Another officer who was quite friendly said, "You won't have much trouble with the fighting men, but the political men who come later will be difficult!"

SOME TIME during the dark rainy night these political men reached Shumkai and pounded on the mission door. No one heard them. They climbed to the upstairs porch and broke the door into my room. No one was home. They hesitated to take over then. Shortly after I returned next day, a communist officer pushed in to announce, "We must take over your house for officers' quarters."

"No, you will not," I answered him. "I have read the posters your army put up around town."

The posters, signed by communist leaders Mao Tse-tung and Chou An-lai, guaranteed the protection of foreigners and their property. One of the passing soldiers had also exhibited his copy of regulations stating they could not occupy a church or any mission building without permission of the man in charge. I said, "You will not have my permission!"

He insisted on looking over the house. When we came to the smashed door I pointed, saying, "Your men broke down that door. Is that your protection of foreigners?"

He ignored this, and pressed his demand for the house. I stuck to my refusal.

Next he started to plead. How could he go back and report failure?

"Very well, I can ask the Sisters to move into rooms back of the church, but first I require every officer coming here to sign an agreement guaranteeing me against damage or loss, and fixing the time of stay."

"We are not allowed to sign any agreement," he shouted, and with a string of curses he marched away.

Changes were gradual during the first six months of Red rule. They boasted continually of all the freedom they brought, even freedom of belief. The restrictive measures came creeping in almost imperceptibly.

The wool was pulled over our

eyes by their mildness. They assured us that only necessary restrictions would be made in this land of new "democracy" and "freedom." People at first thought the new government was not so bad as they had expected. Chinese communism, after all, seems different. Maybe it is really different.

A sudden change from tolerance to terror, however, came right after the beginning of war in Korea. We now saw communists with their masks off. Guilty or suspect, masses of people were thrown into jail, and heads began to roll in July.

I had to get a permit before going out for sick calls or Mass. The mission dispensary was functioning every day, so I could occasionally get a permit on the excuse of going out to treat the sick. People in the villages talked like hunted criminals. They would look toward windows and doors, and then whisper. This atmosphere of freedom dying and tyranny spreading is something that is felt rather than seen. Sorrow replaced smiles; fear and caution displaced frankness.

I shared the gloom of the people when new restrictions came along each month. Marriages were contracted without feasting lest the government put its finger on the families as capitalists. On the birth of a boy, my cook asked me if he could hold a little feast upstairs in my house, where spies would not see the spread. A handful of trusted friends came in to celebrate.

Later, priests could no longer go out, even for a sick call. But often the communist officials had some urgent need for my jeep. Then they were forced to give me a travel permit to drive them. When I did not wish to take them, I kept vital parts of the motor and carburetor hid. I crossed the wires, spread the distributor points, and added a secret ignition switch behind the dash. Even an expert mechanic would need much time to trace down so many things thrown out of kilter.

One day the communists tried to start my jeep. "The jeep is out of order," I said.

"We can get it going."

They churned the starter, whirled the crank, juggled the wires, puffed and sweated, pushing the jeep up and down the road. Still the motor refused to give out even a cough. They had to give up after hours of fruitless labor. Always after that they would write a travel permit and let me out of confinement to take them.

The next big step was taken against us shortly after the Chinese communists joined the war in Korea. On Saturday morning, Jan. 20, 1951, an armed mob came running toward the mission. They had been formed in ambush, and on a signal stampeded against the mission like savage Indians around a covered wagon.

They covered it with guns from every direction. Then they rushed

in and thrust Luger pistols at me from every angle. They pushed me out the door with their guns and searched me for hidden arms. Next, the two Chinese Sisters were led out. Last of all, some Catholic masons and a carpenter we had building a kitchen were lined up with us.

As we went out the searchers locked every door and picked up all the keys to the priest's house and service buildings. Official papers were pasted over every door, declaring the mission closed. The land-reform leader then called off the village mob and left.

WE MOVED into the convent, a house of three rooms and attic. We could all breathe easier even in crowded quarters, now that the Reds had gone.

Our greatest disappointment was that we were not allowed to go

into the church to get vestments and the other things for Mass. The Sisters, as wise as they are simple, told us that they had not given up their key to the church. They slipped in and gathered the things needed from the altar. When they rattled the door, I signaled that no one was passing, and they carried the Mass equipment to the convent. So we were able to have Mass each morning after all. I was settled in a corner of the slant-roof attic. The carpenter and masons were quartered with me in the one big room. The mission help and families took the Sisters' spare room.

A week and two days of our cubbyhole existence had passed when police barged in. They said that everybody except the priest must get out within two hours. The Sisters were handed travel permits to return to their motherhouse in Pakhoi.

It came time to eat, so I got together the tea kettle, frying pan, and small kettles. Lacking an oven, we could do no baking. I had once cooked for a summer camp, but I had never cooked rice, so that was my first downfall. You must cover rice with double its volume of water. The rice swells as it boils, soaks up the water, and then a slow heat steams it dry. But I poured in only a little water and went about other work. When I next looked, the charred rice was smoking. But a second try brought success. It was a few days before



I got the knack of seasoning and flavoring, but soon I could please an epicure.

Here in China, just as back on the farm in Vermont, I had home-cured half a dozen slabs of bacon every winter. There was still plenty of coffee bought from army surplus after the war. My breakfasts of pancakes, bacon, and coffee made the house arrest and isolation less trying.

Thursday, Feb. 1, came. Tomorrow would be First Friday. A group of Catholic women came to the field beside the mission and started digging roots for firewood. When the guard walked around the back wing of the mission for his evening meal, they slipped to the open window where I stood. They asked if there was some way for them to receive Communion the next day. I quickly heard their confessions and told them to return tomorrow morning and dig roots again.

At Mass the next morning I consecrated extra hosts and placed them in a small tin ointment box. The women were again swinging picks into the roots. The guard walked around the mission for breakfast. I beckoned to one of the women. Quickly handing her the box, I gave word for the women to take Communion themselves there in the field. They knelt on the carpet of pasture grass among the clusters of brush and received.

From the convent wing, I could

look directly into the church. I could see and hear the land-reform meetings, trials, beatings, and speeches there. Even when the conversation was low, it came to me through the vents near the roof. This gave me a ringside seat where I could take notes unobserved.

CHEN, the guard on duty at the mission, was a hill-country lad of 16 with fat cheeks, sleepy eyes, and a dull mind. His only schooling had been the plow and the hoe. Policemen were chosen from the poorest families only. Their illiterate, unquestioning minds were ready-made for the job. On cold days Chen stood around the charcoal cooking brazier or scrounged cigarettes and tobacco while we visited.

One afternoon I started for the garden with the vegetable knife in one of my hands and the basket in the other. To josh the boy, I held up my knife and said, "*Ta sz ni—Strike you dead,*" a sarcasm Chinese use in everyday conversation.

Chen's life in the country watching cows had evidently given him no sense of humor. He looked up, frightened. "You cannot say that in the new society," he said.

I thought he was putting on an act, so I laughed and walked into the garden for vegetables.

But Chen assumed an official voice and said, "Are you a reactionary?"

"Sure, I am a reactionary," and



with these words, intended as a joke, I condemned myself as a criminal.

The police were delighted with the news. Now they had a case for arresting me without planting guns, bullets or opium in my house. They pounced upon it.

Half an hour later, a whole squadron of police came rushing up and threw a cordon around my house. A cocky sergeant was in charge. He called me to the door, and asked solemnly, "Did you say 'Strike you dead' while holding a vegetable knife in your hand?"

"Yes, I said it in joking with the guard."

"Enough! He admits his crime; take him down to headquarters."

Just inside the main prison door the warden and a helper searched me. After emptying my pockets of penknife, money, and keys, they took my wrist watch. Each prisoner is allowed to keep up to 30¢ for personal purchases, so the warden returned that amount to me.

The jail had once been a Confucian temple. Last year, after the Reds got control, all the jails began to overflow, and the temple had been converted to a prison. Double decks were put in as the prisoners increased. My cell had 40 prisoners in it. Some of the cells held 60 inmates.

A narrow aisle down the middle divided the cell, leaving a 5½-foot platform on either side for sleeping. My feet hung out in the aisle at

night because the bunks were not designed for six-footers. The platform for bunks was a foot above the dirt floor. Underneath was a rat run. We stored our empty rice bowls there, and at night we could hear the rats nosing and tumbling over the bowls. Sometimes we saw their beady eyes in the daytime as they hunted for stray grains of rice. Their running on the loose tiles overhead each night made a jingle like cowbells.

When the summer heat came, everyone in the sweltering cell stripped down to his shorts. I wore a crucifix hanging from a silver chain around my neck. People were constantly looking at it. One of the prisoners asked me to let him wear it a while, probably thinking it was some special charm. It evoked many questions about the Catholic religion. One of the guards suggested that I throw it away before the day of religion and God was gone. When some of the officials got curious about the crucifix, I told them that the Founder of our religion was falsely accused, arrested, and jailed. So why should I complain against a like honor? This always angered them. They replied I should not say I was falsely arrested.

The guard's bugle blew about 15 minutes before our rising bell in the morning. I got up with the bugle, knelt on the boards in the dim, gray dawn, and said my prayers. The guard often looked in,

but never scolded me. In the evening when the all-quiet was signaled, I knelt again and whispered Vesper prayers. Prayer lifted me for a few moments above prison walls to the realm of peace and calm. The prisoners questioned me wonderingly about prayer and the God I prayed to.

Each prisoner's daily food was limited to the amount of \$900 communist currency, or 3¢ U.S. This is not a special hunger diet for prisoners only. Poor workers spend about that amount for their daily fare. This bought one pound of rice and three ounces of vegetables. For breakfast, five ounces of rice were weighed out for each prisoner and cooked into rice gruel. It gave two large bowls of about the same consistency as watery oatmeal. But without enough salt it tasted pretty flat. Several times I asked the warden for permission to buy salt, but it was never granted.

Until a man is forced to live on a pound of rice and three ounces of vegetables a day, he cannot appreciate how precious each kernel of rice is and how good a grain of salt tastes. You eat every last kernel, and you rub rice around the bottom of the bowl to soak up every drop of grease or grain of salt. From noon until the four-o'clock evening meal I suffered with gnawing hunger and trembled with weakness. My belt tightened each week, and each day I went to bed and got up hungry.

When finally released from prison, I weighed 158 pounds. Before going to jail I had weighed 195.

SHORTLY after I had arrived in the prison cell, I heard a low moan from a sick prisoner in the corner. He was an old fellow, terribly thin from weeks of fever. Around his wrists were iron bracelets, and chains hung from the anklets binding his feet. When he coughed or turned, the chains clanged and jingled. With great effort he could sit up and eat a little gruel, but he grew weaker and weaker daily.

He wore the irons because he was supposed to have been with the Nationalist underground. I offered to carry this sick man down to the Public Health center if the warden would permit him to go. This offer caused my cell mates, who had been so indifferent to the patient's suffering, to search their hearts. Through pride and shame, they could not let me do this.

One of them spoke up. "It isn't right for 20 Chinese to sit back and let a foreigner carry one of our sick people through the streets. We'll do it if the warden grants permission. But permission was refused. "Too bothersome!"

Charity moves the heart of everyone, pagan or Christian. At discussion-of-faults hour that day, several prisoners accused themselves of lack of mercy. Two of these volunteered to look after the patient's needs.

Two weeks later the old man approached the end. I felt his pulse one afternoon and told the others he would most likely die before morning. The cell chief wrote an urgent message for the warden, repeating what I had told the group.

Meanwhile, I bent over the old man and told him he was about to die. He nodded his head with understanding. Then I asked him if he wanted to go to heaven and be happy with God after death. He answered, "I want." I briefly explained God the Father and Creator, God the Son and Redeemer, and God the Holy Spirit who lives in us and gives us all the graces of Christ's redemption. Next I told him about *Ma-lee-a*, the Mother of Christ. The prisoners sat in respectful silence listening to our words.

One of the prisoners had saved a small cup of water to wash his teeth that night, so I asked him for it. As I poured the water over the sick man's shaved head, I repeated the words giving him citizenship in the kingdom of heaven: "*Ego te baptizo in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.*" Then I taught the dying man a little prayer to repeat up to the end, "Jesus, save me."

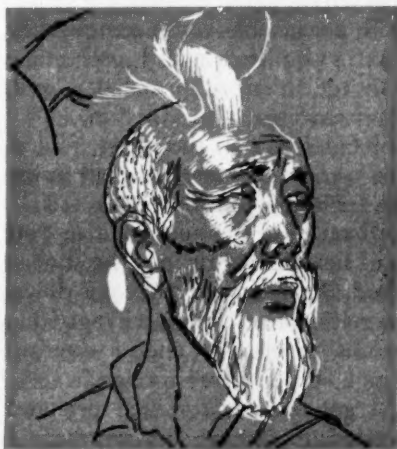
In a little while the warden came with two labor-squad prisoners. They had a pole between them, and a door hung by triangle ropes to make a stretcher. The bars were opened, and I took the dying man in my arms and carried him to the

stretcher. I told him to continue repeating, "Jesus, save me." As he lay on the board stretcher, the warden came out. He saw death on the man's face, so he unlocked the irons from his wrists and ankles. The old man died that night.

During the next couple of days two of the prisoners asked me if they could be baptized in prison. The same week two others told me they would like to take instruction when we were free again. The materialism the Reds were giving us every day in the drill course was not going very deep into the hearts of the prisoners. The Reds work hard to tear down idealism, faith, and heaven, but with doubtful success.

I was keeping a diary. A guard called through the bars one day, "Student Tennien, hand me your diary."

Communists pounce on a diary



as a prize find, for it is supposed to give personal views and thoughts they cannot get by questioning. I assured my cell mates that I was not worried. Two days went by while the officials tried to read my script. Abbreviations and signs, Latin words and French words made the document hard enough for me to read but almost impossible for anyone else. Where details were too dangerous I had notations like "fill in" or "rewrite." The crazy jottings recalled much to me but meant nothing to anyone else. The guards finally gave up.

On June 10, the authorities told me to prepare my confession document, and perhaps I would be released. On June 16, a man came to my cell with a written model of the confession of crimes they wished me to copy and sign as my own. There were only two points they wanted me to confess. First, that I had attempted to murder the guard with a vegetable knife; second, that I refused to let a guard inspect the baggage in my jeep one day, and then threatened to kill him.

I handed back the paper, folded my arms, and stated, "I shall never sign a thing like that—lies, false!"

"You have got to sign it or you will not get out of jail," he threatened. But the order had come down to release me, and he changed his tactics to flattery and a tittering laugh, begging me to sign.

I got out my fountain pen and started to change his wording. I

crossed out his "attempted to murder" and put "frightened the guard" and for his second phrase "threatened to kill him," I substituted, "I used menacing language when the inspector was impolite and threatening."

We argued for a long time. He begged me not to omit "menacing language" or the confession would not have any substance. I finally copied out the corrected document in Chinese, and signed it. I was immediately released.

THREE months in jail had left me sick and emaciated. But even with my weakened legs, and puffing under baggage, my walk home outside the bare walls and depressing prison atmosphere was exhilarating. It was June 16. I was surprised to see the rice high and soft green. Flowers bloomed along the roadside. The trees that were bare when I was taken away from the world in March now had leaves that waved in the June breeze. Birds still sang from the branches. These things were a special thrill for a man from jail. Besides, my heart was gay, for I had been able to smuggle out the prison diary with me.

Back at the mission again, I was detained in the convent wing. Two police guards were assigned to live at the mission and watch me.

So many people are sent by the communists to trick you into talking that great discretion is always

necessary. One priest told me that communists had even ordered Catholics to ask questions in the confessional that would incriminate the priest. One of my Catholic teachers once asked me (this was not in confession) if it was a sin to kill the communist land-reform men who were taking away their land. He might have been a plant. I simply told him that one had the right to protect life or property even if he had to take the thief's life in doing so. According to his own conscience he could apply the principle to the case in mind. I was determined to be discreet. Communists were often sent to talk to us this way, pretending they were Catholics. One day a communist messenger confided to Bishop Paschang that he was a Catholic.

"And what is your baptismal name?"

"I can't recall," answered the fellow after a pause.

"Perhaps it is *Lu-tsai-fa-erh*" (Chinese for *Lucifer*).

"That's right, that's right," muttered the man, while the bishop chuckled.

Once again I could celebrate Mass each morning in the room. There was still wheat flour in an air-tight can. Over the charcoal brazier I baked the white altar bread and prepared for Mass. There was no server, no congregation—just a priest alone to meet God in this house prison. Time did not

count in the rendezvous with eternity today. I took time to read all the prayers which rubrics would have us say from memory. The months in jail without Mass made me distrust my memory, and I wanted each prayer pure and without halt this morning. After the consecrating words, I lingered on in God's holy presence. With caressing fingers I held the Host and talked and prayed and wept at the privilege of being in His presence once more. Sun rays crept across the altar until respect forbade me to hold the interview longer. I took the Host in fervent Communion, or better, union, which is love's consuming act. The sun rose high while I stayed on my knees at the end of my first Mass after release from prison.

It was now eight months since I last saw a priest for confession. During the months of arrest, I had to unfold my sins with a contrite heart direct to God, without the solace of confession and absolution from a fellow priest.

Father Dempsey, a neighboring priest, had been given a travel permit to leave China. On July 2, the bus he was on stopped at Shumkai. He stood in the road 150 feet away, and we shouted a few words back and forth. I recited my sins and prayer of contrition, while Father Dempsey raised his hand in absolution from the road.

Bishop Donaghy, my superior, had been five months in the Wu-

chow jail, and his letters were not coming through. Two messengers arrived from Wuchow and told me I should apply for exit. I asked if the bishop had given them a letter for me with instructions. They said he did not dare, with all the searches one must undergo on the way. On July 6, I wrote to the chief of police, stating that my bishop had directed the American priests in this diocese to leave China and, therefore, I was requesting a travel permit to leave. The Reds' attitude changed immediately. Annoyances could be relaxed now that they had gained their point. I was told that clearance by Peiping would take some time, maybe weeks or months.

Late into the night, I wrote fillers for my diary that I had not dared write in jail. Frequent visitors brought me information. Now I could walk through the fields near the mission and talk to the farmers about life under communism. I moved from the convent back to the priest's house. My typewriter was useless to the communists, so I found it there, but my razor had been stolen.

The typewriter was dusted and oiled for the job of typing out my prison diary. The chief of police dropped in often to see what I was doing or to see who had stolen in to talk to me. When I had visitors, I watched the road. When I saw police or spies, I quickly took my visitors to the dispensary. By the time police got to the house, they

found me taking a temperature or handing out quinine, aspirin, or some cheap salve.

While typing, I locked the door so as not to be caught unawares. A bang at the door or a shout from the guards was the signal to hide my diary script and slip a harmless sheet into the typewriter.

I typed the story on old ledger sheets with one carbon copy. But how to get the script out of China? A police censor in the post office still took away any letters or English newspapers addressed to me. He also looked over my outgoing mail before it was locked into the mail bag. But if the letters could be slipped into the bag *after* the police guard's inspection, they would go out. My scheme was carefully planned and it worked. To tell more might bring punishment on those who helped me. The first letter got into the bag and was on its way to Hong Kong, I was told. Three more installments were mailed out at two-week intervals, but my incoming mail was still being confiscated, so I received no answer.

November was passing, and I grew impatient with the communists' delay in letting me go. Two years under communism, one of them as convict and prisoner, were wearing me down. Now I was worried at the delay in release. Perhaps they would not make the mistake of letting me go, for they had already made many mistakes.



It was a mistake to let me stay in China after they took over. It was a mistake to put me under house arrest where I could see and hear the communist meetings in the church; a mistake to leave me as eyewitness to the land-reform meetings, the public trials, and public beatings held in the church; a mistake to sentence and shoot the landlords in plain sight of me. It was another mistake to put me in jail with 500 prisoners, where I saw too much for their pleasure. It was a mistake to let me have my fountain pen in jail, for I kept a written diary of what I saw and heard. It was a mistake to let me smuggle the prison diary out of jail. It was a mistake to leave me my typewriter at the mission. Would they now make the mistake of letting me out of China?

ON Nov. 23, a police officer came in smiling. He announced they had received clearance to release me. But he warned that I must leave the day after, for travel orders were restricted to the four days necessary to get out of China. I assured him it would not be my fault if I did not get across the border by Nov. 28.

I packed my foot locker that night. I picked up my prison diary and wondered if it was foolhardy to try to take it out. During the recent months in house jail after my prison term, I had been revising and typing it. I had taken

many chances trying to get a copy out to Hong Kong. Although the manuscript had been smuggled into the outgoing bag, it might still be caught when the mail went through the big centers like Wuchow and Canton. I lived in fear of a jail sentence or worse if my letters were caught. But my luck held. Tomorrow I was to start the journey toward freedom. Perhaps it was crowding my luck too far to carry the dangerous material with me.

Yet I decided to take a big gamble, and bring it. It represented many months' work. It contained statistics, translations of documents, songs, and other things that could not be remembered outside. I clipped the long ledger sheets together with wire staples. I slipped elastic yarn under the staples to tie the sheets tight, half around each leg. A string inside my belt held each pack from slipping down. Documents concealed on the person were sure to condemn me as a spy if they were found.

Five police came to take me to the bus station. "We start with a search of your person," announced a police officer. "Let's see what you have in your pockets."

My heart jumped with fright and sent a sharp pain through my chest. I spread the contents of each pocket on the foot lockers, and at the same time pulled the pockets inside out. The police searched through everything; they even

pulled cigarettes and fountain pen apart to look inside. As I pushed my pockets back in place a policeman slipped his hand into my pants pocket. His fingers felt the top edge of the manuscript sheets, though it was hardly higher than a seam.

"What is that under your pocket?"

"My underpants, of course!" and with that I dropped to one knee and fumbled with the keys to open the foot locker. This put his hand out of danger. Now I had to try to talk myself out of a tight corner by arguing violently about the search of my baggage.

Finally the search was over. The policeman had completely forgotten about the crease under my pocket. I stayed down on one knee and fussed with the packing until the police wandered across to the bus station. Then we loaded the baggage on the roof rack of the bus, and I quickly climbed inside.

Darkness was falling as we drew into Yunghui. No police were in sight. I asked the driver to stop a little short of the police station and unload the baggage. We walked brazenly by the police station. We could see the police with rice bowls and chopsticks in front of their faces, at their evening meal.

We reached the Catholic mission. Youngsters guarding Father McDonald, the local priest, let me in after inspecting my travel papers. Father McDonald's room gave me

an opportunity to get rid of the dangerous manuscript tied around my legs.

That evening we compared experiences. Father McDonald read some of my manuscript brought out of hiding. He commented, "This is dynamite; burn it immediately and rewrite it when you get out of China! If the communists find you with this, you will be shot or left to rot in some jail."

But I had already wiggled through two inspections. It seemed best to keep going like a backfield runner until finally brought down.

It came time to leave. Once again I had to try to slip through with the manuscript. I put the typed ledger sheets back in the original book cover. Clipped together and fixed with wire staples, they looked like printed pages of a book. At least they should be far less dangerous than sheets found hidden on one's person. Father McDonald watched me pack the ledger between books in my foot locker, shaking his head.

Coolies carried the baggage down to the river police for another inspection. I whispered "*Deo Gratias*" when they passed everything without question.

On the sampan hired to take me to Wuchow, father, mother, and children stood at the oars. This "floating palace" was both home and means of livelihood for the family. The sampan was about 30 feet long. An arched roof of woven

bamboo, with layers of leaves stuffed between the trellis work, covered the middle of the boat. The top was varnished with wood oil to make it rainproof. Before stepping onto the grass mat of this "living room" I took off my shoes—a must in Chinese courtesy.

When we were far away from the listening ears on shore, I asked, "How are you making out under the communist regime?"

"Things are harder now than I have ever seen them in my life," the father commented. "They organized us into a union; then set a low price for fares. They collect the money, as you saw, and each sampan has to go in turn. Money is divided—a little to each of us at the end of the month. We used to eat white rice but now all we can afford is rice gruel. I dare not let my own people hear me say these things for someone would report me."

Our sampan came alongside the boat for Canton at 11 o'clock. Only 15 passengers were in first class. All except myself were government men, who bunked together.

One of the boat officers leaned his back against my bunk and talked over his shoulder when no one was near. He remarked, "It is too bad when Chinese and Americans are such good friends, we have to pretend to be your enemies."

"Yes, I understand. How is the boat business now?"

"You can see for yourself. Formerly, four full-loaded boats left for Canton every day; now there is only business enough for one. Look around, 15 passengers for 80 places. People cannot travel under communism. Business is dead."

WHEN we reached Canton, three police started the baggage search. One of them knew a little English, so he started to look through my books. The search went on for hours.

Cold sweat rose in the palms of my hands. When the officer picked up the diary, I waited tensely for the explosion. Thank God, the policeman knew only a little English. He struggled half an hour trying to understand the first page. All my talk and all my



other devices failed to distract him.

He came across a passage stating that communist cutthroat methods in their government stores were driving private merchants to bankruptcy. The examiner jumped up and screamed in my face, "You say communists cut people's throats. Did you see that done? When and where did you see it? How many throats did you see them cut?"

When he ran out of breath from a stream of questions and a flood of abuse, I tried to explain "cutthroat methods" of underselling. The fuse was burning close to the powder keg. I dragged incessantly at vile Chinese cigarettes awaiting the crash. He came to words stating, "Communists call their soldiers 'volunteers.' But their system has brought about a total economic collapse which is forcing men into the army. If they want to eat, there is nothing left for young people except government service or the army: a subtle way of forcing men into the service."

My doom was sealed. The officer ripped the whole manuscript out of the ledger. His face darkened with anger. Blood vessels bulged on his forehead; his voice went up to a high-pitched yell that drew 200 other police over from their drill.

"You calumniator, you liar, you slanderer. You dare to write this way about our volunteers! You are a spy, that is certain!"

Fortunately a large crowd of people were on the way out of China

that day. They had come in on different boats. Later the train arrived with several hundred from Shanghai, who were lined up for baggage search and examination of travel papers. The inspectors had to leave me to process each group. It was a relief to see the officer lock my manuscript in a drawer after each session. He had not thought of taking the material out to someone who could read it.

They left me standing while they examined incoming groups. I never prayed more intensely, more pleadingly, or more fervently in my life. Only God knows how many Rosaries and ejaculations poured from my lips that day. With my heart racing madly, I thought of the numbers who died of heart failure under the communist ordeal.

My travel permit expired tomorrow, and they had to get me on the train for Hong Kong at seven o'clock in the morning. The policemen wanted to get some sleep. One of them motioned an officer to seal up my baggage, a sign that I was to be passed. I breathed a prayer of thanks.

"Go back to the hotel. If you stop anywhere or talk to anyone, you will be arrested and never get out of China," cautioned the police.

"Very well."

"This diary has lies and slander about communist China, so it is hereby confiscated. Any objection?"

"No objection." And I saw him lock away the precious document

### *Chinese Wise Men Saw the Star of Bethlehem*

"IN the 24th year of Tchao-Wang, of the dynasty of the Tcheou, on the 8th day of the 4th moon, a light appeared in the Southwest which illuminated the king's palace," it is recorded in the *Annals of the Celestial Empires*. "The monarch, struck by its splendor, interrogated the sages, who were skilled in foretelling future events. They then showed him books in which it was written that this prodigy signified the appearance of a great saint in the West, whose religion was to be introduced into this country. The king consulted the ancient books, and having found the passages corresponding with the time of Tchao-Wang, was filled with joy. Then he sent the officers Tsa-Yu and Thsin-King, the learned Wang-Tsun and 15 other men to the West to obtain information."

The wise men set forth to hail the promised Redeemer, but on their way, they met teachers from India. The Chinese took them for the disciples of the religion foretold by the star. They embraced their teaching, and took them back to China. Thus was Buddhism introduced to China in place of Christianity.

*Preface by ✠ Fulton J. Sheen to From Confucius to Christ by Paul K. T. Sih.  
(Copyright, 1952, by Sheed & Ward, New York City. 231 pp. \$3.)*

that cost me sweat, tears, and almost blood.

At four o'clock in the morning police summoned us to the railroad station. As the trains pulled out, I breathed easier, but the danger was not over. Police might now have time to take my manuscript to someone who knew English. They could still wire the border police to stop me at Hong Kong.

When the train reached the border station, I listened for my name and looked for police to nab me. I stood in line two hours nervously waiting my turn to be searched. At three o'clock I was released to

pass over the railroad bridge to the Hong Kong side and freedom.

The Hong Kong police smiled and chatted jovially. Across the bridge, communist police stared with looks of suspicion, grimness, and hatred. I knelt to kiss the free earth and then in Scriptural style stamped the dust of Red China from my boots. The policemen of the free land laughed heartily.

Brother Francis, an old friend, and a group were there to meet me. In the station restaurant we had beer! And sandwiches! And American cigarettes! I hurled the Chinese cigarettes that tasted like

moldy straw across the tracks and reached for a real smoke. People here talked freely, without looking over their shoulders to see who was snooping. Voices rang out without restraint. Carefree laughter made me look up in surprise. There was no fear and dread in peoples' eyes; no slinking in their walk. This was another world, something I had almost forgotten about through the years under communism.

Filling my lungs with free air, I told my friends about my narrow escapes. But the manuscript which wore several years off my life was gone.

Brother Francis listened with a twinkle in his eye until I asked, "You probably never received the manuscript copy I sent out by mail, did you?"

"Why, yes, three large envelopes reached me."

"Just say that again, Brother, and break it slowly; I can't stand so much good news that fast." It was hard to keep back an Indian yell. My nerves, like high-tension wires, could now rest.

Yet this big change of atmosphere was a danger. One of the

priests, who held his grip and fought through five months of prison and public trial by the people's court, broke completely when he reached Hong Kong. He told me he went to the chapel sobbing and crying for an hour before he could get hold of himself. When the impact of freedom comes bursting in all at once, right after communist tyranny and cruelty, it is too great a shock. Overstrained nerves snap, and men may go to pieces under the sudden change.

In Hong Kong I settled down for six weeks rest at the Maryknoll House. Next morning a message was flashed across the Pacific from our seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y.: "Welcome to freedom; approve book on your experience." This was an order in polite language, so I set aside four hours a day for writing this story.

On Jan. 21, 1952, a slow freighter took me out into the Pacific, far away from communist China. Except for the morning hours with the pen, I could forget my ordeal. But we cannot and must not forget the unhappy people trapped under communist power who live on, in agony and despair.



### *Heaven is Treason*

**I**N PRAGUE, a bereaved family published the usual death notice in a newspaper. It began, "God, having seen fit to call to a better realm our beloved father . . . ." Next day the entire family was arrested and charged with "complaining about economic conditions and slandering the state."

*Pathfinder.*



# The Battle of Christmas Pie

*The old Puritans won part of the fight by default*

By FRANCIS X. WEISER

Condensed from "The Christmas Book"\*



**I**N PRE-REFORMATION England Christmas mince pies were made in oblong form, representing the manger in which Christ was born. Sometimes, a little figure of the child Jesus was placed in a slight depression in the pie. Thus the pie was served as an object of devotion as well as part of the feast. The baby figure was removed and the "manger" was eaten with great glee by the children.

After the Reformation, Puritans sent up a vehement outcry against the mince pie. It was not the pie itself which aroused their wrath, but its form, and the figure of the Child. However, in their fervor they did not distinguish the issues, and directed their attack against the dish itself. The "battle of the mince pie" raged for many years.

The Puritans were convinced that to eat mince pie at Christmas was an abomination, idolatry, su-

perstition, and a popish observance. The Catholics and Anglicans immediately rose to the defense of the cherished dish. The more the Puritans condemned it, the more did the others make and eat it. The eating or noneating of mince pie thus became a test of orthodoxy on each side.

When the Puritans finally came to power, mince pie, like Christmas itself, was forbidden. John Taylor (an English poet) wrote somewhat cynically, in 1646, that among other things, the eating of a Christmas pie was enough to have a man arrested for committing "high Parliament treason." It was not difficult to foresee which side would be victorious in the battle, however.

Despite threats and solemn prohibitions, eating of the pie was continued throughout the country. With the downfall of the Puritan regime in 1660, the old mince pie returned once more to the English home, openly and legally.

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But, ironically enough, the Puritans also won their victory. For the Catholics and Anglicans, while winning the struggle for the very existence of the pie, had gradually neglected its shape. By the end of the 17th century the pie was made in circular form and the figure of the Child had disappeared. After the smoke of battle cleared away, both parties felt contented with their respective victories. The

Catholics and Anglicans rejoiced in having saved the pie, the Puritans in having changed its form.

Thus the mince pie was brought to this country in its new circular shape. From New England it spread all over the U.S. The old quarrels have been forgotten, and Americans of every denomination now eat their Christmas mince pie without qualms of conscience, in contentment and good will.

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### *Reds Confused . . .*

FATHER CHANG died in a Shanghai prison on Nov. 11, 1951, a "criminal" who refused to accept a communist-sponsored "independent church." The Reds exulted. His example would deter other "reactionaries."

But immediately, the Catholics hailed Father Chang as a martyr. The dismayed Reds forbade Masses for Father Chang. They guarded his grave, to keep away the devout. Their newspapers printed denunciations.

Finally they called in Bishop Ignatius Kung Pin-mei of Shanghai. "What is a miracle?" and "When does the bishop intend to canonize Beda Chang as a saint?" they wished to know. They were given correct answers. But they were not reassured even by the information that "a bishop doesn't make a saint," for they warned the bishop that he "would be held responsible for any miracles that occurred through the intercession of Beda Chang."

Thomas J. Bauer, M.M. (NCWC) 28 July '52.

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### *. . . And Confounded*

MSGR. MAURICE CONNAUGHTON, O.F.M., expelled Prefect Apostolic of Sui Hsien, Hupeh, China, is now plain Father Maurice, an Irish Franciscan at St. Boniface friary in San Francisco.

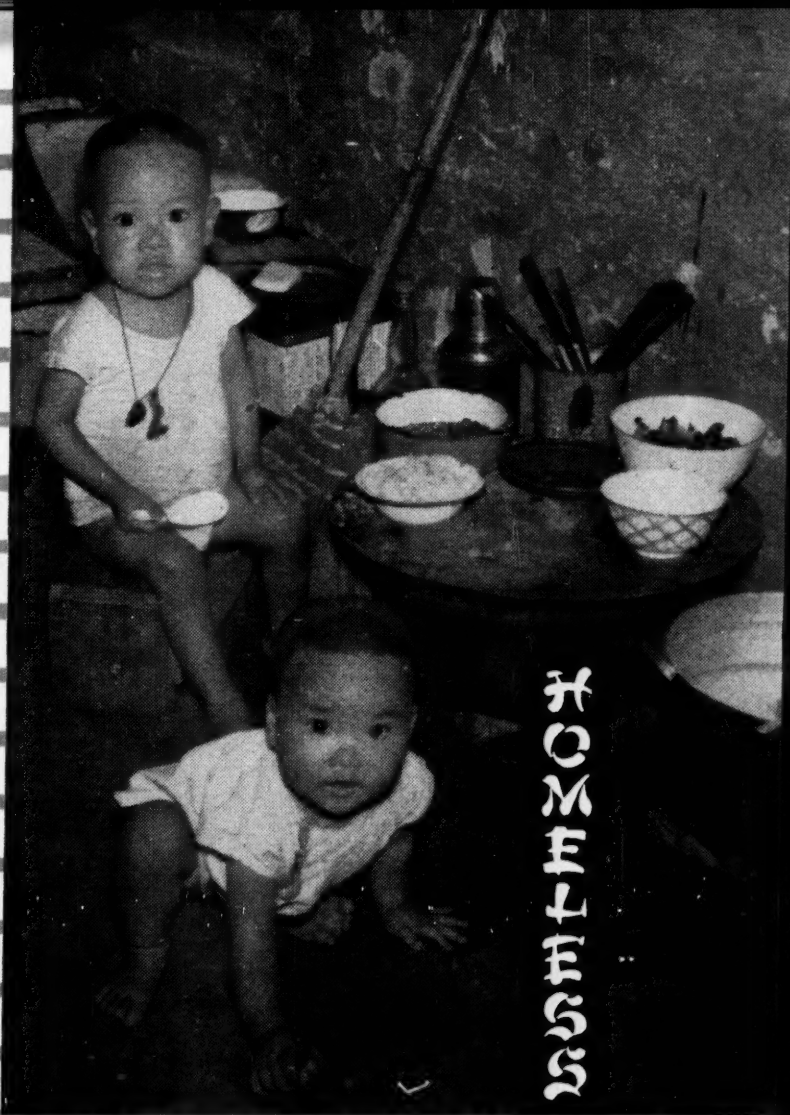
Father Maurice was once hailed before the Chinese Red commander for one of the pointless official examinations used to harass missionaries. Repeatedly he was addressed as "foreign dog." At one point, the Chinese Red asked the priest to identify the portrait on the courtroom wall. It was Stalin.

The priest removed his glasses, and scanned the picture. Then he turned to the waiting Red. "This man, honorable judge," Father Connaughton said, "is one like me—a foreign dog."

The examination was postponed.

Father Brendan in the *Way of St. Francis* (Sept.-Oct. '52).

# HONG KONG



# HOMELESS

No crib for a bed: two small refugees live on damp basement earth.

*Christmas this year finds Hong Kong, historic city of intrigue, a replica of Bethlehem. One-and-a-half million homeless refugees, fleeing the cruelty of modern Herods, fill its hillside and caves, sidewalks and cellars.*

**H**ONG KONG, the only corner of China not yet swallowed up by communism, is the largest DP camp in the world today. During the last three years, 2½ million refugees have fled to this island city. One million have been sent on to Formosa, but 1½ million still remain in homeless destitution.

This Christmas every Hong Kong building is filled with refugee families. Thousands overflow into the open streets, and set up housekeeping there. "Squatter cities" of straw and tar paper creep up the surrounding mountainsides—forming 19 separate refugee areas of 15,000 to 100,000 people each. These little huts are periodically flattened by typhoons, or destroyed by fire.

Dark as is the night over Hong Kong this Christmas, the great drama of Bethlehem is being reenacted there. The black sky, as in Biblical times, is brightened by messengers who bring the glad tidings of Christ's birth and love. The labors of Catholic priests, nuns, and lay workers light a star of hope for these distressed people.

U.S. Catholics play a noble role in this drama; they are the Wise Men who have brought gifts from afar. The 350,000 pounds of clothing, food, and medicines sent to Hong Kong's homeless through War Relief Services—NCWC during this past year have seemed to be gifts as precious as were the ancient gold, frankincense, and myrrh.





HONG KONG

"Because there is no room for them," refugee families camp out in crowded Hong Kong streets. The families shown above are lucky; balconies give them some protection from rain and wind.



No turkey on this table! The recently arrived Hsu family eats Christmas rice sorrowfully since mother is in the hospital with TB.

Christmas shopping, Hong Kong style! Big sister examines butcher's whole store: this tray; then she bargains for 5¢ worth of entrails.







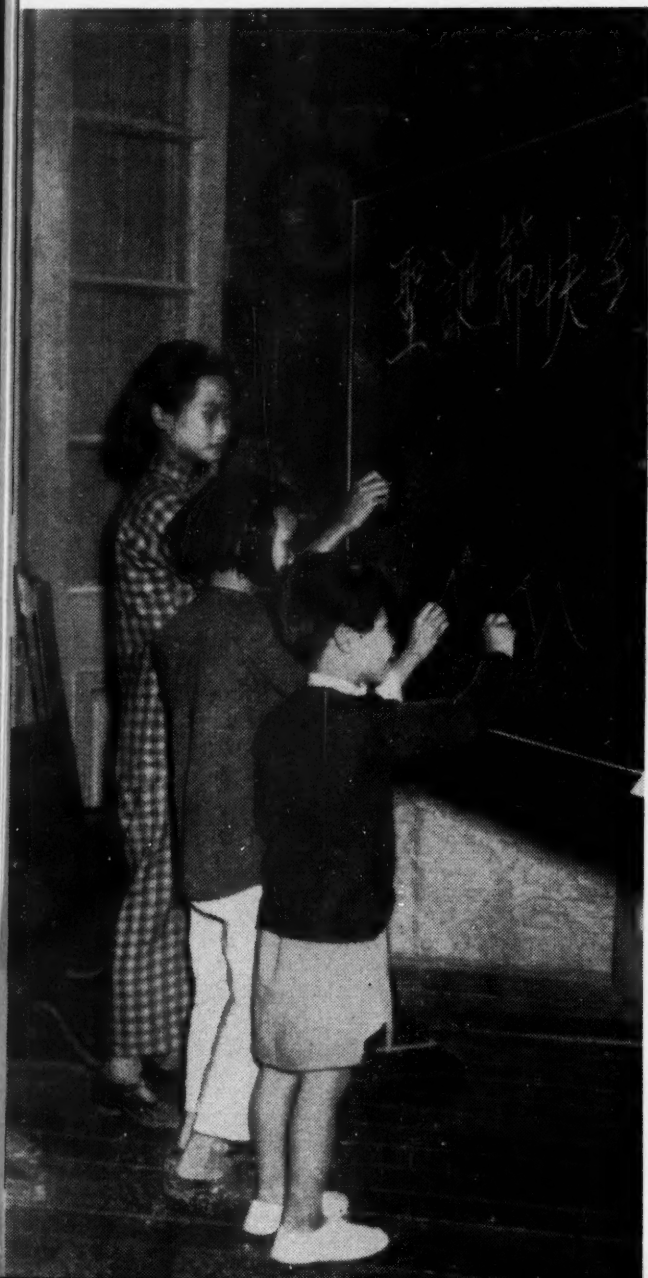
HONG KONG

Baby Ling was born in a DP camp on Christmas. His parents, teachers from Hunan, lost their first baby during the flight to Hong Kong.

Little brother guards home for his parents and four children. Notice the stones which hold down the roof.



# HONG KONG



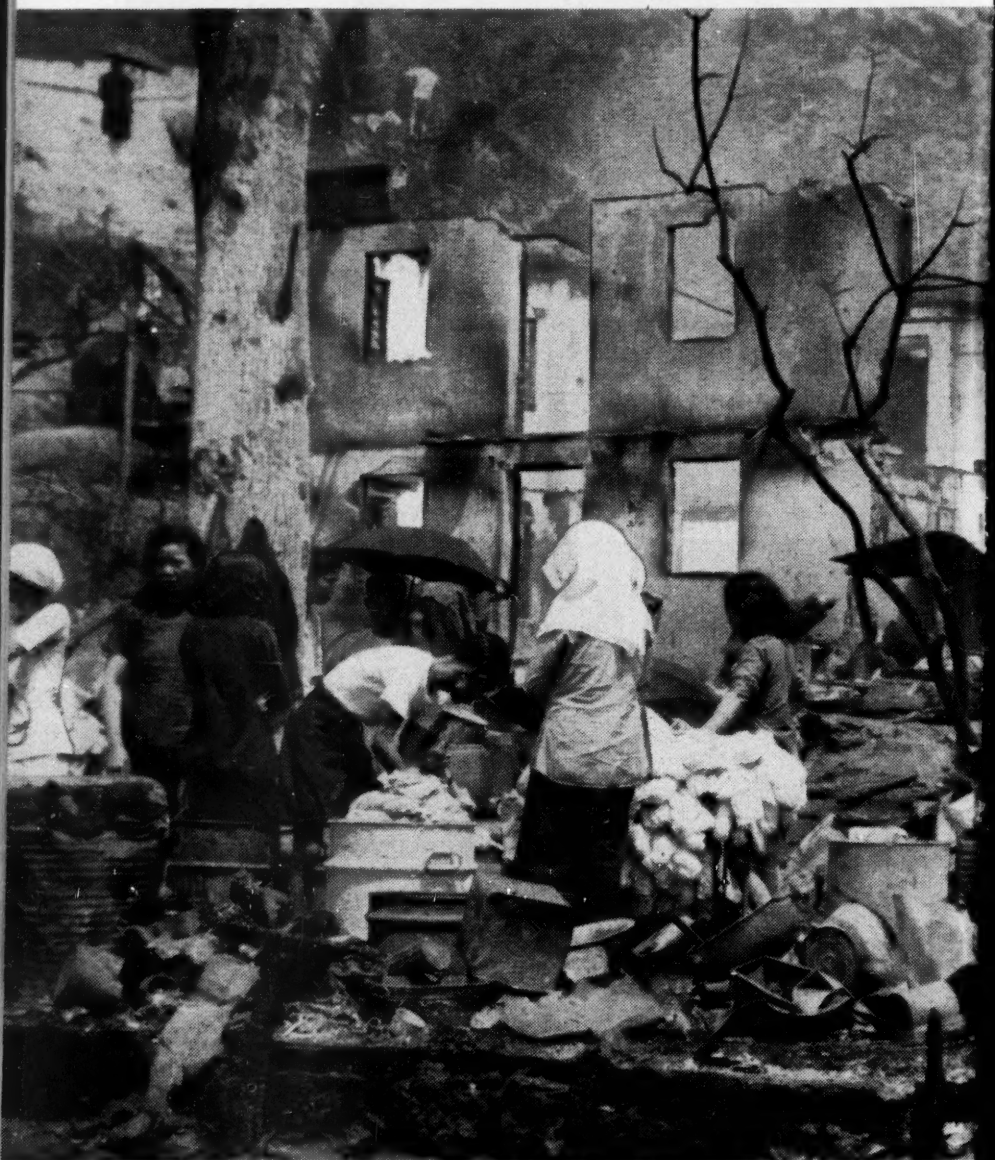
Three R's after a hard day's work! School is a privilege for these students: Ah-Baat, the tallest, is a water carrier, lives with her family under a basement stair; Ah Seem lives in a doorway; Mi Kwal is mui-tsui (slave girl) for a shopkeeper's family.



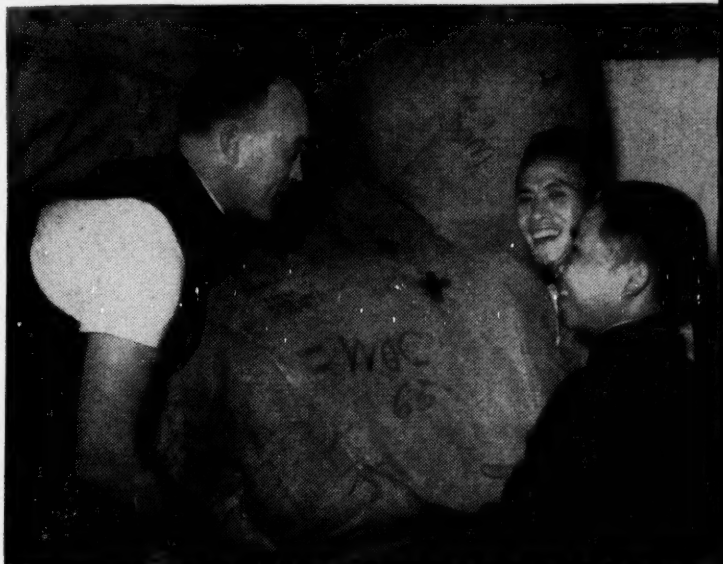
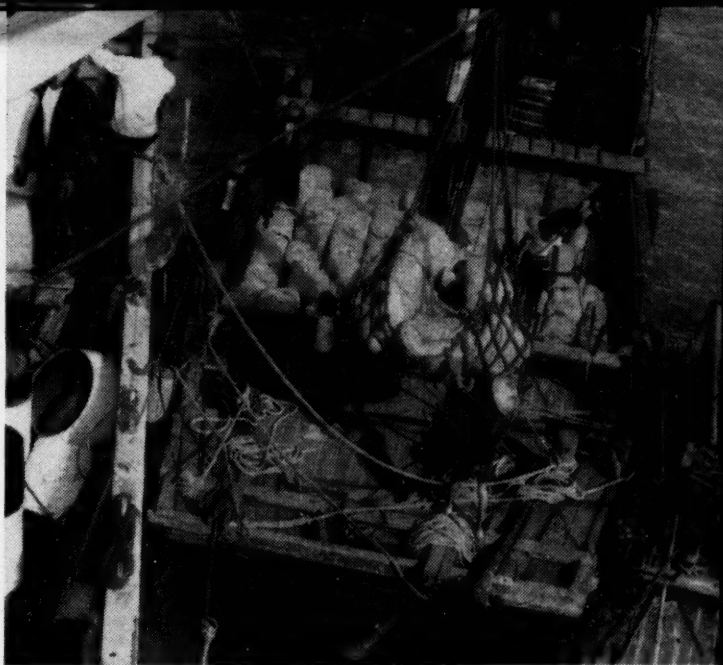
The Shoeshine Boys club lines up eagerly for free chow before attending night classes at Irish Jesuit college.

Clothes from U. S. draw crowds of young and old to Maryknoll Sisters' mission. Seventy policemen were needed to keep lines in order.





Fires are a scourge to squatter cities. Last year flames destroyed 50,000 huts.



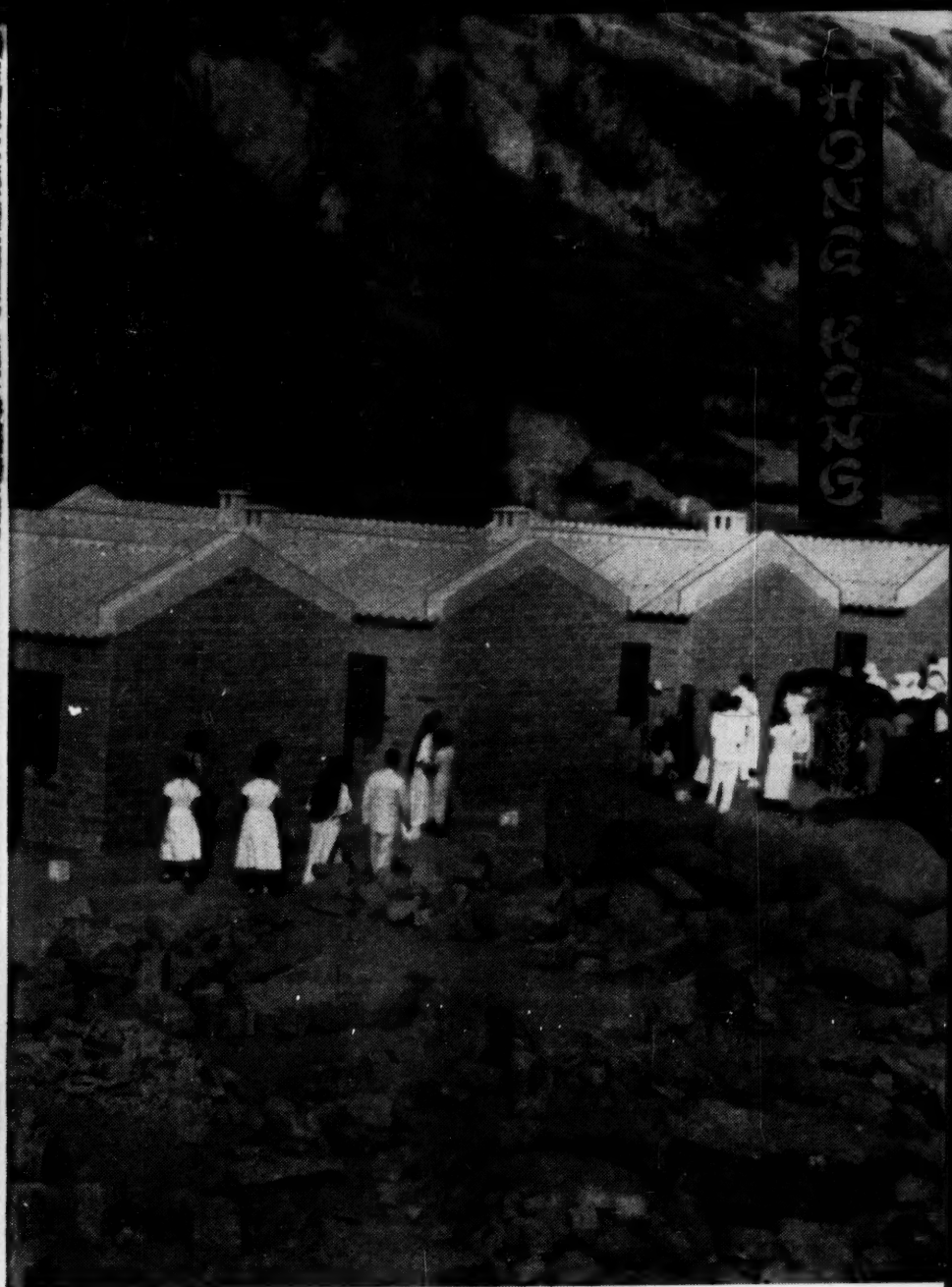
Boatloads of clothing and quilts arrive from U. S. Catholics. Father Frank O'Neill of War Relief Services—NCWC and his friends help unload.



Asia's first free housing project was initiated by Maryknoll Sisters. These 100 new dwellings show the cooperation of all Hong Kong citizens, monetary gifts from Catholic and non-Catholic groups, land from the government, labor from the refugees themselves. Result: each home (four to each building) costs only \$300!







**H**OMELESS refugees, driven from the Chinese mainland by communist tyranny, have brought to Hong Kong residents a new realization of the desperate need for charity in today's world.

The ever-present refugee, huddled in a doorway or queuing up for a bit of rice, is a constant reminder that the time is at hand for charity toward every man.

A new spirit is alive in Hong Kong today. Traditionally, Chinese good works were limited to one's family and friends. Today, large numbers of Hong Kong citizens, both Christian and non-Christian, see at first hand the Christian power of love "doing good to all men."

Women find time to work in crowded dispensaries. Businessmen give help in solving refugee problems. The most striking instance was response to the Maryknoll Sisters' housing project. Instead of the \$9,600 originally sought to house 32 families, \$30,000 was received, making 100 units possible.

Msgr. Martin Gilligan, head of the Catholic Welfare committee of China, reports the following Catholic projects already in full swing: seven hospitals, filled to a total 9,000-bed capacity; 20 schools, caring for more than 25,000 children (plus large night classes); ten dispensaries, tending 98,000 refugees last year; 13 community centers, serving every purpose from recreation

centers to soup kitchens and emergency housing. Fourteen priests devote their entire time to the 19 "squatter cities." Four Orders of nuns try to meet multitudinous refugee needs that increase daily.

Last year U.S. Catholics sent food, dried milk, drugs and other supplies totaling more than \$50,000 through the War Relief Services—NCWC (thanks to the Bishops' Fund for Victims of War, supported by each year's Laetare Sunday collection). Equally important was the 300,000 pounds of used clothing from last year's Thanksgiving collection, which clad almost 100,000 refugees in Hong Kong alone last winter. What a Godsend this clothing is can be seen from a letter of Father Paul Duchesnes, MM, head of the relief work in Hong Kong.

"... In one parish," he writes, "hundreds of people waited outside the church door for two days after the distribution had been completed! At last the pastor, to dramatize his helplessness, offered the people his own cassock. They understood and sighed softly. They went away sad but still smiling."

Let's hope that Father Duchesnes can send them away *happy* and smiling this Christmas! If you can spare \$5 for a food package this Christmas, won't you send it along to: War Relief Services—NCWC, 350 5th Ave., New York City 1.

# *announcing publication of* **Catholic Digest Reader**

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## Girl with Fifteen Fathers.....



Fifteen Marines stationed at Opa-locka, Fla., have decided to become fathers; but they had a hard time making up their minds whether to have a girl or a boy. The Marines (12 of them bachelors) finally settled on a girl. They became proud papas when Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc., assigned to their care 10-year-old Jacqueline Langeraar.

"I saw an article on the Foster Parents' Plan in *The Catholic Digest*," said Cpl. Thomas Fitzgerald in explaining how the Dads' club got organized a month ago. "It was a real tear-jerker."

Fitzgerald, secretary of the group, said the fellows figured they could each kick in a dollar a month for the \$15 needed to help some war orphan through the plan. Deciding on whether to adopt a boy or a girl was the hardest part, according to the corporal.

"We finally agreed on a girl when somebody pointed out that then we wouldn't have to be fighting our own son in some future war," Fitzgerald explained.

Little Jacqueline lives in the Dutch East Indies. She was just two weeks old when her father was killed in a Japanese concentration camp. Her mother, two sisters, and a brother are getting by on their own in the town of Ede.

Jacqueline, who is a gifted artist, will stay in school with the aid from her new "daddies." They are now getting acquainted by exchanging snapshots and letters.

Members of the Dad's club—all enlisted personnel of the 3rd Marine Air Wing—are Cpl. Jim Armstrong, Cpl. Dale Baldar, Cpl. Bob Boyer, Sgt. Joe Donovan, Cpl. Tom Dunlop, Cpl. Fitzgerald, Cpl. Andy Gambendella, Cpl. Bill Hydo, Cpl. Ed Keizer, Cpl. Mack McGee, Cpl. Danny Peinervich, Cpl. Don Scantlen, Pfc. Ed Stevens, S/Sgt. Sam Santoro, and Pfc. Hal Thompson.

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